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This issue . . .

None of you will know who I am unless you've recently taken the trouble to read the small print at the bottom of the page. My name's Jason Quinn, and I go under the grand and mysterious title of Chief Sub. A chief sub is a bit like the Time Lords; we observe but are expressly forbidden from interfering or meddling in the magazines we produce – until now, that is . . .

Gary has kindly asked me to pass on a few words of warning to you about the dangers of introducing kids to the magic of *Doctor Who*. Over the last couple of months my four year-old son Dylan and his pals have all become obsessed with the Doctor. We've raided Marvel's video library and are getting through, on average, three adventures a week.

"Great stuff!" you might think, but having an infant *Doctor Who* fan in the house does have its downside. Last week, Dylan crept into our bed in the middle of the night and threw up over me. After changing the sheets, his pyjamas and washing my face, he waited until I was nodding off before doing it again. I cleaned up a second time and was just entering deep sleep when he shook me by the shoulder and said, "Daddy, let's go downstairs and watch *Doctor Who*." It was three in the morning and every ounce of my being was screaming out for sleep, but I knew if I refused it would only be a matter of time before I received another sample of my son's dinner.

So, dawn came up just as *The Monster of Peladon* drew to its conclusion. Yes, it's one helluva long story, and perhaps not one of the all-time greats, but I'll tell you something, it definitely beats getting puked on.

Later that morning, Dylan was still feeling off-colour – but he cheered up no end when his mum told him she was taking him to the doctor's. He no doubt thinks Dr Whiting is his hero's latest regeneration . . .

Yes, the show has definitely made an impact on Dylan, it's giving him answers to questions that have puzzled him for years. Until about a year ago we had a lodger staying in our house, and the other day when playing in the spare room he said grimly, "Remember that guy who used to live here? Well, I think the Ice Warriors have got him. But don't worry, Daddy, they'll pay."

It was my birthday last week and Dylan dragged his mum all over town in search of a TARDIS. In the end all they could find was a ceramic red telephone box piggy bank. With fiendish resourcefulness he painted it blue before wrapping it up. When I opened it, the paint still hadn't dried and now my smart new trousers have got a fantastic blue splodge pattern on them. Still want to get your kids into *Doctor Who*? Well, don't say I didn't warn you . . .

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Design **Peri Godbold**

Thanks to **Richard Bignell, Michael E Briant, Stephen Cole, Kevin Davies, Martin Day, Richard Develyn, Robert Franks, Dennis Greenaway, David J Howe, Adrian Rigelsford, Steve Roberts, Gary Russell, Philip Segal, Keith Topping, Martin Wiggins, BBC Books, Virgin Books.**

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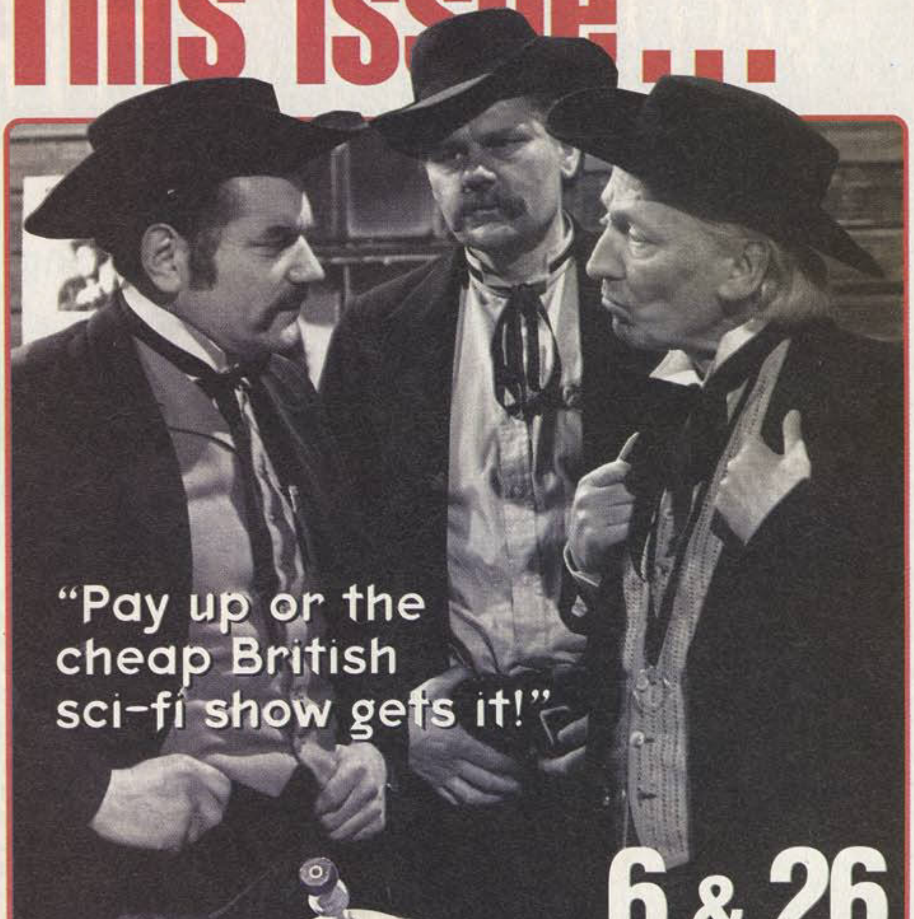
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Gallifrey Guardian

"Doctor Who is not dead" says producer Segal
"I could be back" says star McGann

TV Movie talents raise prospect of future Who

Actor Paul McGann and producer Philip Segal, the two people most associated with the 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie, have both spoken out about the possibility of future *Doctor Who* recently.

Further to last month's *Gallifrey Guardian* report which stated that producer Segal had met with BBC Worldwide executives in London early in February to discuss projects including *Doctor Who*, Philip has told **DWM**:

"My conversations with the BBC are on-going. It is not appropriate to discuss the nature of any of my meetings with the BBC. However, I can say that *Doctor Who* is not dead nor will it ever be. Unfortunately, these things don't happen overnight and one must not place any faith in any rumour or suggestions that a film will be made in the foreseeable future. My passion and devotion to the property continues and I would like to continue my association with it in some manner or another. I feel very strongly that my ability to get the Fox movie made is the clearest indicator of belief and knowledge of the show and its rich history. However, politics and business often cloud people's ability to judge the value of a property. If you combine my last statement with the fact that pending litigation surrounding the film rights may still plague the decision making process at the Beeb, you have a recipe for a great big wait and see.

"I believe that if the BBC were to ask me to continue my interest in the property I would gladly do it, TV or otherwise. However if it were from a TV perspective, I would only produce it if it could originate from the UK. I would love to work at home again. As for the film – the last time we left the Doctor he had climbed aboard the TARDIS and was heading for . . .?"

Meanwhile, as part of his promotional chores for the feature *Downtime*, actor Paul McGann was interviewed by Scotland's *Daily Record* newspaper where, in addition to revealing that he kept his lips closed while performing the controversial scene in which his Doctor kisses companion Grace ("I felt I had to do it. And they didn't notice until it was too late"), he raised the possibility of his playing the Doctor again: "I just hope there is a future for *Doctor Who* somehow. I think there will be. There is still an enthusiasm in the BBC for him. So I could be back. Stranger things have happened."

However, he appeared to contradict himself in a radio interview shortly afterwards, in which he said: "I gave it my best shot. Now I'm going to move over, and someone else will take it on. Lucky them."

Win porridge!

Gaol-bound Third Doctor thriller *The Mind of Evil* is released as a BBC Video double-pack on 4 May – and, thanks to the wise wardens at BBC Worldwide, we've got ten prison-issue copies to dole out to ten winners of this issue's competition!

The Mind of Evil was one of two *Doctor Who* stories to feature Fernanda Marlowe as UNIT's ultra-efficient Corporal Bell [pictured]. To enter, we'd simply like you to name the other!

Send your answer together with your name and address on the back of a (preferably eye-catching) postcard to the editorial address on page three by no later than 3 June. As ever, multiple entries will be 'slopped out' . .

Lost Galaxy 4 sequence on video soon!

Thanks to the generosity of a private collector, approximately six minutes' footage from *Four Hundred Dawns*, the first episode of the 'lost' 1965 William Hartnell four-parter *Galaxy 4*, will be included as part of this November's celebratory *Ice Warriors* BBC Video release.

As reported in the recent **DWM** series *Out of the Vaults*, the 16mm film segment was copied back in 1977 during production of the *Lively Arts* documentary *Whose Doctor Who?*. One short 30-second clip featuring Amazonian villainess Maaga was used in the finished programme but, upon hearing that the remainder was to be discarded, the programme's unofficial advisers, Doctor Who Appreciation Society founder members Jan Vincent-Rudzki and Stephen Payne asked to keep the unwanted section; their request was granted. Shortly afterwards, the whole of the original serial was destroyed as part of the tape-wiping process standard at the time.

When compiling the *Ice Warriors* release, which will showcase all manner of rare clips from otherwise lost black-and-white serials, so-called 'Restoration Team' member Steve Roberts contacted Jan to ask if he would be prepared to allow the full sequence to be included as part of the release.

On 7 March, the film was duly copied onto digital videotape at BBC Television Centre and reunited with the section used in the documentary to form a single sequence of nearly six minutes' duration – well over a quarter of the entire episode.

Says Steve: "I'm delighted that this clip has been returned to the BBC for immediate inclusion in the special release of *The Ice Warriors*. I'm acutely aware that many of the clips we will be presenting on the tape only exist because of the efforts of *Doctor Who* fans over the years. This is our chance to give something back to the fans – and I'm sure they won't be disappointed."

Baker records new stories in character

Tom on tape this summer!

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
ELISABETH SLADEN

Tom Baker is to narrate *Doctor Who: 4 x 4*, a quartet of short stories featuring his fourth incarnation of the Doctor to be released on cassette by BBC Worldwide in July.

"I thought it would be great to have my favourite Doctor reading stories from different eras of his tenure," says very excited series editor Stephen Cole. Only one of the four tales to each take up one side of this double-pack release has seen publication before: Paul Grice's *Rights*, a 'missing' Season Thirteen story co-starring Sarah Jane Smith. The remaining three adventures are: new author Ann Mirabel's Season Twelve-set *Different Darknesses*; *One Bad Apple* by Simon Forward, a Season Fifteen story which sees the Doctor and Leela landing on a jungle planet on the fringe of the Cyber Wars; and *Return of the Spiders*, a typically absurd adventure by the perennially peculiar Gareth Roberts in which the Doctor, Romana and K9 fall foul of Metebelis III's outsize arachnids – and their newly-acquired fondness for Meat Feast pizzas . . .

Tom will be recording *4 x 4* during April – and look out for an exclusive in-studio report in **DWM** soon. Meanwhile, BBC Books concludes its 1998 fiction schedule with November's *The Janus Conjunction*, which features the Eighth Doctor and Sam battling "giant robot spider things", apparently. The novel is authored by *Doctor Who* newcomer Trevor Baxendale.

This just in! Come August, Baker's famously 'dark brown' vocal tones can also be heard guesting on a track on *Six*, the new album by pop-rocksters Mansun. Tom gives a spoken performance on the cut *Witness to a Murder*. Singer/guitarist Paul Draper told the *NME*: "He didn't know who we were at all but said he found it all amusing."

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television **Tom Baker** was the narrator of BBC2's *The Otters of Yellowstone*, the 15 March edition of *The Natural World*. **Colin Baker** was 'gunged' on *Noel's House Party* on 21 February. **Mary Tamm** guest stars as lady of mystery Maggie Llewellyn in the first episode of *CI5: The New Professionals*. The short-lived **Eric Roberts** crime series *C-16: FBI* has been lined up for a first UK screening on Channel 5 at the end of April. **Louise Jameson** was a *Call My Bluff* panellist on 26 February. **Peter Purves** performed his usual stalwart presentation of Crufts last month. **Philip Hinchcliffe** was one of the executive producers of recent ITV psychological drama *Seesaw*. **Matthew Robinson** has been appointed executive producer of *EastEnders*; he directed the first ever episode back in 1985. *The Mark of the Rani*'s **Sarah Hellings** was behind the camera on recent *Taggart* adventure *Out of Bounds*. AA/RAC comedy *The Last Salute*, directed by **Graeme Harper**, finally commenced on BBC1 on 15 March. And composer **Tristram Cary** is writing music for children's show *Bananas in Pyjamas*.

Film **Rona Munro** has written the screenplay for *Wanted*, a drama concerning a terrorist gang leader. **Brian Blessed** goes from *Doctor Who*'s King Yrcanos to playing the ruler of an alien underwater kingdom in the first of the new *Star Wars* trilogy.

Stage **Colin Baker** continues his tour in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. He's at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle in the week commencing 4 May (box office 0191 232 2061); at the Kings, Edinburgh from 11 May (0131 220 4349); at the Richmond Theatre from 25 May (0181 940 0088); and at the Marlowe, Canterbury from 1 June (01227 787787). Meanwhile, *The Spider's Web*, with Inspector **Frazer Hines**, is going to: the Queens, Barnstaple from 12 May (01271 324242); the Gordon Craig, Stevenage from 25 May (01438 766866); and the Theatre Royal, Lincoln from 2 June (01522 534570). **Louise Jameson** took part in a Sunday gala at the East Dulwich Tavern on 8 March with comedian Sean Hughes. **Kate O'Mara**'s *An Ideal Husband* has moved from London's Gielgud Theatre to the Albery.

Obituary **Peter Lawrence**, who was the Vizier in *Marco Polo*, died in February.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

16 April

Novel ***The New Adventures: The Medusa Effect*** by Justin Richards [Bernice] *Virgin* £4.99

4 May

Video ***Doctor Who: The Mind of Evil*** [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Video* £tba

Video ***Doctor Who's Lust in Space*** [documentary] *Reeltime Pictures* £10.99 (rrp)

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreamstone Moon*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Catastrophea*** by Terrance Dicks [Third Doctor & Jo] *BBC Books* £4.99

21 May

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dry Pilgrimage*** by Paul Leonard & Nick Walters [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

DOCTOR WHO
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GARY RUSSELL

DOCTOR WHO
DREAMSTONE MOON
PAUL LEONARD

1 June

Novel ***Doctor Who: Seeing I*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Mission Impractical*** by David A McIntee [Sixth Doctor & Frobisher] *BBC Books* £4.99

18 June

Novel ***The New Adventures: The Sword of Forever*** by Jim Mortimore [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

6 July

Video ***Doctor Who: Horror of Fang Rock*** [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Video* £tba

Audio ***Doctor Who: 4 x 4*** by various [Fourth Doctor & Sarah, Harry, Leela, K9, Romana] *BBC Worldwide* £7.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Placebo Effect*** by Gary Russell [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Zeta Major*** by Simon Messingham [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Nyssa] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 August

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vanderdeken's Children*** by Christopher Bulis [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Dreams of Empire*** by Justin Richards [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] *BBC Books* £4.99

20 August

Novel ***The New Adventures: Another Girl, Another Planet*** by Martin Day & Stephen Bowkett [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

DOCTOR WHO
ZETA MAJOR
SIMON MESSINGHAM

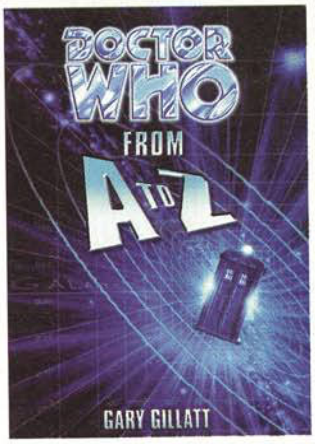
7 September

Video ***Doctor Who: Planet of Fire*** [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: The TV Companion*** by David J Howe & Stephen James Walker *BBC Books* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Scarlet Empress*** by Paul Magrs [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Last Man Running*** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £4.99



5 October

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ark*** [First Doctor, Stephen & Dodo] *BBC Video* £tba

Non-fiction ***Doctor Who: From A to Z*** by Gary Gillatt *BBC Books* £16.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Beltempest*** by Jim Mortimore [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Matrix*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

15 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beige Planet Mars*** by Lance Parkin & Mark Clapham [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

2 November

Video ***Doctor Who: The Ice Warriors*** [Second Doctor, Jamie & Victoria] [double pack including *The Underwater Menace* 3 and various rediscovered sixties clips] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Janus Conjunction*** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Infinity Doctors*** by Lance Parkin [The Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

3 December

Novel ***The New Adventures: Where Angels Fear*** by Rebecca Levene & Simon Winstone [Bernice] *Virgin* £5.99

4 January 1999

Video ***Doctor Who: Nightmare of Eden*** [Fourth Doctor, Romana & K9] *BBC Video* £tba

DOCTOR WHO
DREAMS OF EMPIRE
JUSTIN RICHARDS

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An Englishman abroad

Once upon a time in the West . . . Pleading the First Amendment, **Gary Gillatt** crosses the Atlantic to hear at first hand the true story of *Doctor Who* in the United States – and learns how the show's American dream went strangely awry.

It is a strange but nonetheless defining moment. I am eight time zones away from home, dancing on the gaudy carpet of a hotel conference hall at one o'clock in the morning. Just behind me, partially hidden by a giant papier mâché version of Stonehenge, is the TARDIS. My dance partners appear to be the Eighth Doctor and Grace Holloway. Nearby, half-a-dozen startled-looking women dressed as characters from Babylon 5 *are swaying haphazardly to the music while small children tug at their skirts. BBC Books editor Steve Cole and* **DWM** *reviewer Dave Owen have likewise entered the spirit of the evening and are groovin' on down – although their pretty dance partners' Centauri bald caps are proving to be somewhat distracting.*

So far, things actually seem reasonably normal – but then surrealism deals a knockout blow. The DJs segue from Pulp into Boney M and my self-consciousness threshold is irrevocably breached. Dancing with someone dressed as Paul McGann is all very well, but doing it to a pounding chorus of "Ra-Ra-Rasputin, Russia's greatest love machine" is something else entirely.

But hey, I'm having fun. And after all, this is Los Angeles, and they do things differently here.

It was one of *Doctor Who*'s surrogate children that, by default, led the first of the series' fumbled attempts to capture the hearts and minds of the right-thinking citizens of the United States of America.

When the Continental Group took charge of the US distribution and promotion of the Aaru feature film *Dr. Who and the Daleks* in America in the summer of 1967, they made something of a fist of it. With their sales pitch for the film offering "The wildest space adventure on or off the Earth!" with "Half Men . . . Half Machines (who) rule a scorched planet with an iron hand!", it is not altogether surprising that these 83 minutes of highly-coloured hi-jinks failed to find a foothold in the consciousness of a nation that had abandoned such silly B-movie flim-flam almost a decade earlier.

Both *Dr. Who and the Daleks* and its equally brash sequel performed poorly at the US box office, and were sold on for TV broadcast with almost unseemly haste. Long-term fan Kathy Sullivan recalls: "It was 1968, and a new television station was starting in the Chicago area and they ran the first Dalek movie every day for a week. I'd come home from school to watch it – it drove my mother nuts! I never knew there was a series behind it."

So when *Doctor Who* the series proper finally made its own first assault on the Land of the Free – a good few years after it had successfully conquered Australia and New Zealand – it might have seemed like nothing more than a crude spin-off from some half-remembered kids' films.

Landing quietly at a few scattered regional television stations in 1972, the Third Doctor, the forces of UNIT plus 13 serials from Seasons Seven, Eight and Nine formed the somewhat ineffective beach-head set up by distributor Time-Life Television.

The press reception to this new series was lukewarm; an article in an edition of *TV Guide* in June 1972 entitled *Yoo-Hoo, Monsters!* cautioned: "Lest you get the impression that all BBC series are great drama, we have acquired a synopsis of an episode of the BBC's *Doctor Who* series" – before running a gently sarcastic summary of *The Sea Devils*.

Nevertheless, a few viewers were hooked for life by this first wave of *Doctor Who*. "I was a die-hard Trekkie at the time," recalls Jonathan Sheen, "but I was browsing through the local edition of *TV Guide* when I saw a small photograph of two aliens. Beside this – in big, black letters – it read: 'BETTER THAN STAR TREK! *Doctor Who*, 7:00 on WGBH Boston.'

"Tom was so charismatic, with his dark voice and overwhelming sexuality" Stephanie, US fan

"I was outraged! Nothing was better than *Star Trek*! This was blasphemy! I watched an episode to see how bad it could be – the second part of the Jon Pertwee Silurian story – and it quickly became clear that these people had no idea what they were doing. But of course, my first cliffhanger had me tune in the following Thursday to see what happened next, and by the end of the story I was hooked!"

Robot . . .

Aside from Jonathan and a relatively small number of other converts, this first incursion was repelled by a profound lack of interest. Ruffled, Pertwee-flavoured *Doctor Who* just didn't seem to provide anything anyone really wanted; the American sci-fi loyalist was happy with his reruns of the sharper-suited *Star Trek*.

By the late seventies, however, much had changed. American television fantasy was by now dominated by such shiny but stupefying series as *Battlestar Galactica*, *Wonder Woman* and *The Six Million Dollar Man*. Tom Baker's Doctor must have arrived like the cavalry.

It was 1978, and as 'the one with the scarf' posed with a line of disconsolate-looking monsters for a BBC photocall outside the American embassy in London, 98 of his episodes – *Robot* to *The Invasion of Time* – were sold through Time-Life to the American Public Broadcast System [PBS].

PBS is a loose affiliation of local television stations, many of which were originally part of the fifties government-funded Educational Television network. As that public financing was cut back over the following decades, the stations had to increasing turn to the private sector, and generous individuals, for support. It was this fractured, fragile, hand-to-mouth form of television which was to be *Doctor Who*'s principal route into United States homes over the next two decades.

BBC [3] Marvel [5]

The very nature of PBS ensured that would-be American fans had a vastly different experience of *Doctor Who* from that enjoyed by their British counterparts. The same 41 Tom Baker serials would be endlessly recycled – and would be, at best, shown in production order (that's *The Sontaran Experiment* before *The Ark in Space*, for example). Often, they weren't screened in any discernible order at all, making any kind of ongoing narrative very difficult to follow.

American *Doctor Who* novelist Jon Blum remembers: "The basics of the show I grasped fairly quickly, but it took me forever to piece together that the brown wooden control room and the white one were both inside the police box . . . they seemed to switch pretty much at random!"

The release of the first Pinnacle paperbacks in 1979 [see box] clarified a few matters but also served to muddy the waters further. Jon continues: "I only heard about the previous Doctors through the introduction to the novelisations. I'd read *Doctor Who and the Loch Ness Monster* and so was thrilled when an episode called *Terror of the Zygons* turned up, because I was looking forward to a second Zygon story! But even that introduction didn't make it clear that the show was still running – for a couple of years I thought it ended with *The Invasion of Time*, because that was the last episode my PBS channel ever showed. In fact, the first piece of fan fiction I ever wrote was about the Doctor, after *The Invasion of Time*, getting back together with Sarah and going adventuring again!"

This initial batch of Tom Baker episodes was also somewhat distinctive in its presentation. For those first few years, serials were syndicated with an overdubbed explanatory narration from the now legendary Howard da Silva.

Sadly for Mr da S, a Tom Baker *Doctor Who* storyline is hardly the most obtuse thing in the world, so his mission to explain proved to be something of a wasted trip. Fundamentally, he had little to do except chip in with random observations, often just describing what could be seen perfectly clearly on screen in a manner that was, at best, melodramatic, but more often just mildly patronising. To take an example, Part One of *Revenge of the Cybermen* would open with: "Our trio of space travellers takes an unusual means of transport back to Space Station Nerva . . . Though the ride is slightly disorientating, the Time Lord's ring does the trick, spinning them to their destination." Although not enormously enriching to the experience, these additions were actually quite difficult to dislike. Even when da Silva would cheerily pre-empt a major plot twist or display his uncanny knack of missing the point of a whole story, his jolly adenoidal twang still seemed to not only communicate boundless enthusiasm for the material, but also to add a certain storybook charm to even the most leaden of episodes. Purists might blanch at the very idea of such interference with the sacred core material, but in his own guileless and comforting way, Howard da Silva must have helped to hold the attention of the very youngest of this whole new hemisphere of *Doctor Who* fans – many of whom have stayed loyal to the series and are still attending conventions 20 years later.

In the early eighties, this non-stop 'time loop' of 98 episodes – which took the Doctor from Giant Robot to Vardans and straight back again every few weeks – gradually began to stretch to include more modern material.

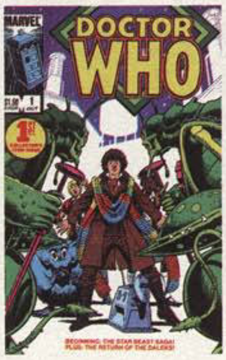
. . . to *The Invasion of Time*, the loop of episodes which brought Tom Baker's Doctor to American TV

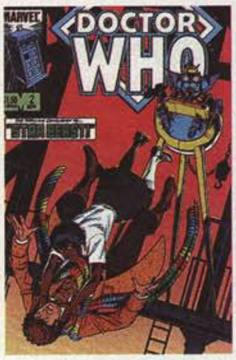
A new distributor, Lionheart (eventually a wholly-owned subsidiary of BBC Worldwide) took over the task of providing *Doctor Who* for the hundreds of PBS stations. The 'da Silva mixes' became a thing of the past and the next stages of

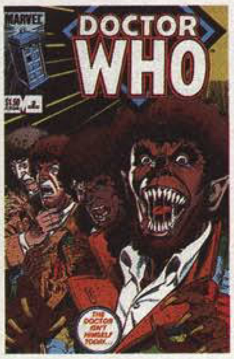
"For the first time in color!"

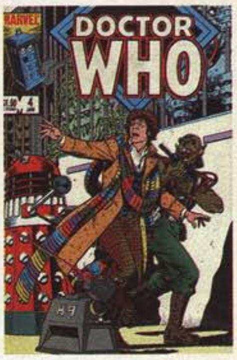
Gary Russell recalls the Doctor's short-lived career as a fully-fledged four-colour Marvel Comics hero.

In Issue 23 of *Doctor Who* (August 1986) editor Jim Salicrup states that: "The Doctor has appeared in American comics in the Sixties, the Seventies and the Eighties. I have no doubt he'll be back again." His comments make up a somewhat bleak eulogy for the American Marvel comic which reprinted early black-and-white strips from **Doctor Who Weekly/Monthly**. After running for 23 months, the decision had been made to cull the comic which, despite its relative cheapness to produce – no origination costs, just resizing and colouring, plus new Dave Gibbons covers and a few odd illustrated articles – was simply not selling enough to be cost-effective.

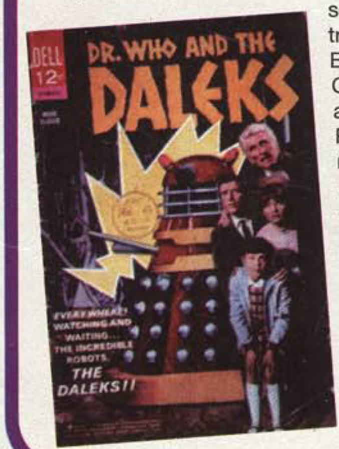








But **Doctor Who** was not, as Salicrup pointed out, the first time the series had made a transatlantic crossing. Back as far as 1966, Dell Comics had put out an adaptation of the first Peter Cushing Dalek movie, drawn by Giordano and Trapini. Again this probably did not become a huge money-maker – no sequel for *Daleks' Invasion Earth 2150AD* was forthcoming and indeed Dell had gone under, most of its material absorbed by Gold Key (the original *Star Trek* comics publishers) within the next few years.


DELL
12¢
DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS
THE DALEKS!!

Exactly where Salicrup feels the seventies offered up *Who* material Stateside is anyone's guess (unless early copies of **Doctor Who Weekly** swam across the water, as Marvel UK had no shipping agreements in the first few months) but in the eighties it arrived with a bang at a time when the show itself was entering its short but notable American exposure. Hot on the heels of the success Pinnacle Books had seen with their reprinted novels, Marvel US set aside four issues of their bi-monthly *Marvel Premiere Featuring . . .*, a book showcasing a variety of characters and new ideas. Between December 1980 and June 1981, issues 57 through 60 ran *The Iron Legion* followed by *City of the Cursed* (a renamed *City of the Damned*) in full colour.

Hiding beneath a glorious Walt Simonson cover, Issue 57 offered us some bizarre pin-ups by former *X-Men* artist Dave Cockrum and an amusing introductory feature by Mary Jo Duffy. The next two issues were padded out with a reprint of *K9s Finest Hour* and a *Werewolf By Night* (a less-than successful Seventies Marvel horror strip) romp, with issue 60 featuring more text by Duffy and some typically Simonson illos – the most sublime of which showed a giant Zygon looming up over a very athletic Fourth Doctor!

In February 1982, Jim Salicrup was the editor of a one-shot featuring another failed Marvel sci-fi strip, *Starlord*. As a back-up, he used a newly coloured version of *Spider God* from **DWM** 52. Two years later, in October 1984, this was followed by issue 1 of Salicrup's *Doctor Who* title, which started with Beep the Meep's first outing, *Star Beast*. With back-up strips reprinting **DWM**'s own back-up strips, plus features and news reports by American fantasy feature writer Patrick Daniel O'Neil, the series ran through the gamut of Time Witches, Werelox, Sontarans, Daleks, Cybermen, Neutron Knights and the demon Melanicus amongst others before coming to an end with that bleakest of Fifth Doctor stories, *Lunar Lagoon*.

Since then, the Doctor has only reached American shores via imported **DWM**s or short-lived American-style comics actually produced in the UK – such as the original *Death's Head* series or the subsequent *Incomplete Death's Head*, the latter reprinting the **DWM** strip *Party Animals*.

"As a Trekkie, I watched the Silurian story to see how bad *Doctor Who* could be" Jonathan, US fan

the Doctor's life began to unfold on screen.

Jon Blum: "Suddenly one night I turned on Channel 32 and it was a story I'd never heard of before: *The Ribos Operation*. I can still recall the rush of absolute fannish glee that hit me then. The only thing to ever equal it came years later with the first trailer for the Paul McGann movie on Fox."

New fans were now joining the fold on a nightly basis, each finding their own little bit of magic. For Stephanie Linz-Gould, it was the show's departing star: "Tom Baker was so charismatic, with his dark voice and overwhelming sexuality. When I heard he was to be replaced by 'Tristan Farnon' I was devastated, although I changed my mind about Peter Davison in a very short time."

By 1983, the Doctor Who Fan Club of America had over 30,000 members, and that was just one of many national or local fan groups. At the time, the Doctor Who Appreciation Society in the UK had less than a tenth of that number signed up.

America's first *Doctor Who* convention was held in Los Angeles on 1 December 1979. Script editors Terrance Dicks and Barry Letts had been invited, but at the eleventh hour they were joined by producer Graham Williams and Tom Baker himself, both suddenly free from the production chores of the cancelled *Shada*. Over a thousand fans from all over the country dropped whatever they were doing and headed for LA.

Williams took some film of the convention back to London with him and showed it to his incoming successor John Nathan-Turner one evening in a small viewing theatre at the BBC's Lime Grove studios. In Nathan-Turner's words: "It showed the hysteria, the popularity, the sheer devotion of the fans – it was quite incredible. It had a profound effect on me."

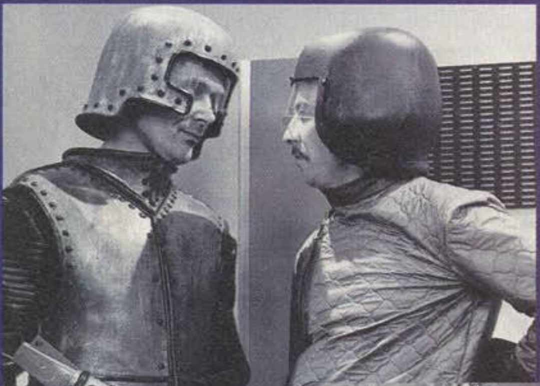
A frustrated performer at heart, Nathan-Turner loved appearing before a live audience perhaps more than any of his *Doctor Who* cast. Naturally, he was soon to be seen at many an American convention himself, enjoying his slice of "devotion". For many years, these events would offer the producer a far safer haven that their increasingly critical British variant. In return for all the whooping applause, Nathan-Turner would help to persuade stars from the series to make the trip across the Atlantic – although generous fees and travel expenses also sweetened the pill – and would happily take along tapes of episodes that were yet to be screened in the US.

In November 1983, the evangelical-sounding 'Spirit of Light' group staged *'Doctor Who* – The Ultimate Celebration' in Chicago and, with Nathan-Turner's help, brought four Doctors

Truth, justice and the alien way

Do Draconians enjoy pow-wows in space teepees? Alan Barnes wonders whether or not the 'quintessentially English' *Doctor Who* might not turn out to be as American as Mom's apple pie . . .

We gave them 350-odd hours of pay-as-you-view adventures featuring a galactic gadabout who lives in a call box that's bigger on the inside than the out, and they loved it. But what have the Americans ever given us?



Cowboys in *The Space Pirates* . . .

We know from countless commentaries in fanzines and **DWM**s passim that both *Doctor Who* and its lead character are suffused with a vaguely-defined 'essence of Britishness'. Which appears, in most instances, to mean that they exude an appeal every bit as idiosyncratic and acquired as Olde English flavoured Spangles, those strangely brown sugar lozenges unaccountably popular with grandparents in the mid-to-late seventies. Tellingly, both *Doctor Who* and Spangles were relaunched on the nineties (cultural) palate not so long ago – and, just as the Paul McGann TV Movie was held by and large to be missing that certain something, so Spangles were available in all but the Olde English variety.

The cool reception with which both these artefacts were largely greeted (albeit not in my house, I promise you) might be explained as a nagging suspicion that both products had been 'got at', tampered with – that the factory had been taken over by blank-eyed marketing automata who had decided to reinvigorate these obsolete lines not out of altruism or devotion to the originals, but rather a keenly-focused vision of hordes of nostalgia-hungry punters ready for a quick kitsch kick in our Brave New World. We have questioned the TV Movie's integrity and authenticity from the outset because, good separatists that we are, we fear the motives of American co-producers; we fear that *Doctor Who* is only of interest to them as a multiple 'franchise', the programme itself merely a wriggling worm to hook a key demographic group. Unlike the good old cobweb-encrusted BBC, of course – its public service remit and founding Reithisms maintaining its right to be a square peg, to sail against the prevailing cultural wind, to be endearingly emasculated and forever fuddy-duddy.

. . . and 'Injuns' in *Colony in Space*?

Er, since when?

The point I'm getting at here is that we fans prefer to root *Doctor Who* as part of the European-inflected Art tradition, with US pop culture stemming out of its direct opposite, Commerce – art for art's sake versus art for the sake of 'bums on seats'; 'ars gratia artis' versus 'ars gratia arse' – and we conveniently pass over the fact that the prevailing influence steering the series' very creation was a Canadian keen to fill a time slot identified on paper as fertile ground for the fascination of tinies. So, the science fiction genre itself might stem from the work of England's HG Wells – but, as Stephen Cartwright suggests in *Roots* [**DWM** 253], beyond our hero's Time Machine itself the actual contents of Wells' novels rarely reach *Doctor Who*. No, the genre was popularised and expounded not in high-falutin' Europe but in the pulp culture of the United States. Thus we see tales derived from Isaac Asimov (*The Robots of Death*) and snatched bodily (pun intended) from the drive-in cinema (*Terror of the Zygons*). Even *The Brain of Morbius* – with its rioting locals hounding the monster to its doom – owes more to Universal Pictures' vision of *Frankenstein* than it does the Continental Mary Shelley. And it's disingenuous in the least to complain – as even *The Guardian* did! – that a few moments in the TV Movie are filched from such lowbrow Hollywood fare as *Terminator 2* when forever-remembered favourite *The Seeds of Doom* swipes two entire episodes from throwaway fifties B-movie *The Thing From Another World*.

Ah, I hear the more politically-motivated among you cry, but *Doctor Who*'s worldview is wise and sincere and more all-encompassing than the cultural imperialism of gung-ho Americana. Oh, get off. For every fervent debate on the morality of positive action *pace Genesis of the Daleks* (and only *Doctor Who* could swipe a passage from crypto-Fascist philosopher Nietzsche and make it a paean to hand-wringing liberal virtue) there's a climax where the bad guys get blown to kingdom come, and serve them jolly well right for being green and tentacle-y and In Our Back Garden in the first place (the aforementioned *Seeds of Doom*, for example). Indeed, one major byway of American science fiction is infinitely more prone to limp-wristed wet Liberalism than our own *Doctor Who* . . .

And so to the obligatory *Star Trek* paragraph. It's July 1969 and, as a replacement for the ailing *Doctor Who*, BBC1 schedules a colour film series centred around three key characters: Spock, a cold, emotion-free scientist devoted to rationality and logic; McCoy, a bluff and practical man-of-action moved by common sense and gut response; and Kirk,

BBC [2] BBC Video [1]

together on stage for the first time, along with a chorus of companions. With a total audience of around 12,000, it remains – by an order of magnitude – the world's biggest ever fan-organised convention. They were heady days indeed.

7.30am, Saturday. Last night's alcohol and scary not-actually-ironic seventies pop music conspire to make it feel as though Boney M are still cossack-dancing in my head. This won't help me to cope with the bewildering complexity of an American breakfast – "What do you mean, 'over easy'?"; "No, I mean the sort of tea you put milk in" – or the rigours of the day to follow.

There are over 500 attendees at this, Los Angeles' ninth Gallifrey convention, and nothing is going to stop them from having a good time. Most are excited about the presence of Colin Baker, Deborah Watling and Matthew Waterhouse and are on the hunt for an autograph and 30 seconds of chat. Some are only here for the Babylon 5 *guests and are spring-loaded outside the main hall, ready to grab the best seats to listen to some coolly arrogant actress. The air is thick with excited babble as clusters of friends meet and chat before moving off in a different combination.*

I have only a brief chance to watch this spiralling fractal dynamic before I'm sucked in. In the space of one five-minute period I am called upon to discuss Virgin Books, The Seeds of Doom, South Park, *the music of Suede and the height of Wendy Padbury with five different new acquaintances.*

For a moment I crave the thin air and cold, slow movement of the opening morning of a British convention . . . Then I shake off the last chorus of my hangover and throw myself wholeheartedly into an argument about the merits of Jackie Jenkins' column.

But before I let go completely, a last curmudgeonly English thought passes through my mind.

Just why does everyone have to be so damnably enthusiastic? I haven't heard a single complaint about anything so far . . .

PBS stations are funded by something called the 'pledge drive'; between two and four times a year (generally) a station will appeal directly to the viewers for cash donations so they

---

a sage mediator between the two extremes whose prime directive is to encourage peaceful co-existence between humans and aliens when they meet. Fast-forward five months and *Doctor Who* is back, now a colour (and briefly) film series centred around three key characters: Liz Shaw, a cold, emotion-free scientist devoted to rationality and logic; the Brigadier, a bluff and practical man-of-action moved by common sense and gut response; and the Doctor, a sage mediator between the two extremes who . . . well, you get the idea. Several Third Doctor serials are close in spirit to *Star Trek* episodes: *Inferno* (the parallel universe of *Mirror, Mirror* with perhaps a touch of the giving-in to darkest impulses seen in *The Naked Time*); *The Mind of Evil* (the dodgy penal colony set-up in *Dagger of the Mind*); *The Curse of Peladon* (*Journey To Babel*, where a friendly federation of planets runs into trouble). We could go on all night with these, but if either *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and *The Ambassadors of Death* – wherein utopia-building moderates must resist xenophobic, distrustful extremists at every turn – don't share the Great Bird of the Galaxy's preachy vision then I'm a Tribble.

Famously, of course, *Star Trek* was sold as "a wagon train to the stars" – a saga of frontierspeople colonising the Old West in sci-fi trappings – and we can see archetypes from America's mythic unconscious all over *Doctor Who*'s metaphorical shop.

Obviously, *The Space Pirates* is a tale of prospectors 'n' outlaws straight out of any John Wayne filler, right down to Milo Clancey's ridiculous goldarned accent – but we can see the shadow of the Duke cast mighty long over plenty of other serials touched by writer/script editor Robert Holmes: *The Time Warrior* (outlaw hides out in encampment of American Indians, buying their allegiance with 'magical' science of his civilisation); *Revenge of the Cybermen* (bandits attempt to muscle in on Badlands gold mine); *The Power of Kroll* (*Wild Bunch*-style gun-running – also seen in *The Caves of Androzani* – plus ignorant natives exploited by nasty mining company). To these we can add anything to do with 'space colonisation' (*The Ark*, *Colony in Space*, even *The Sontaran Experiment*). *Frontier in Space*, of course, is the most blatant Western of the lot, with the Earthmen as the beleaguered Wells Fargo stagecoach company and the Draconians unsubtly disguised as the Cheyenne or Sioux (which makes the Master and his bandit Ogrons sort of Pancho Villas paving the way for a mass invasion of border-transgressing Daleks/Mexicans. Or maybe not). The generations which begat Malcolm Hulke, Terrance Dicks, Robert Holmes and Barry Letts grew up when the cinematic Western was at its peak, and let's not forget it while we're busy indexing obscure gothic horrors.

One cannot possibly conclude an essay on *Doctor Who*'s Stateside misadventures without addressing one of the many wild allegations frequently levelled at eighties *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner – that of 'pandering to the Americans' during the mid-period of his stewardship. What are we to make of such an accusation when the sole textual indicator appears to be the 'character' (inverted commas intended) of Peri? The series surely has room enough for a howdy-doody June Allyson in hotpants, but that's probably not what the critics mean. Throughout the eighties, we might discern a trend away from low- to high-concept narratives. These are Hollywood terms used to differentiate complex 'arthouse' movies dependent for their effect on internal pleasures, often *auteur*-driven (a latter-day Woody Allen film, perhaps) from dumb multiplex fodder which can be summed up in a few simple words beyond which you need know nothing ("Big Arnold Schwarzenegger and small Danny De Vito are . . . *Twins*", for example). Let's try seeing which eighties serials can be thoroughly summarised like this, shall we? "Omega. The Time Lords. Amsterdam." "*Earthshock* with Sea Devils. Oh, and Silurians too." "Cybermen. On Telos. With Lytton." To be fair, the earliest examples of high-concept *Doctor Whos* are probably: "Daleks. On Earth" and "all three Doctors together". Perhaps the series went Hollywood long before we all suspected . . .

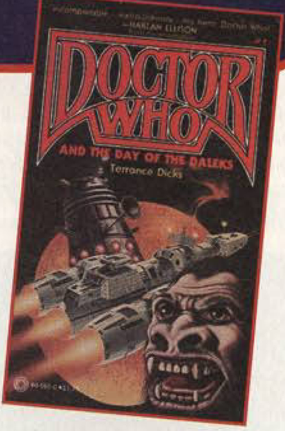
So, what have the Americans ever given us? Well, a fair bit, really – and we haven't even addressed the fact that the very form of the cliffhanging serial was probably an American invention, either [see *To be continued*, **DWM** 249]. *Doctor Who* has always been a little vampire of a show, sucking up *leitmotifs* from all possible cultures and mythologies, if imbalanced towards Western ones. It's always been a contradictory and schizoid mish-mash, this "children's own series which adults adore" where stories as diverse as the arty *Kinda* and the, er, unpretentious *Earthshock* can turn up in the same year – where, in fact, a new Doctor can wear what appears to be both the outfit of an Edwardian gentleman adventurer and all-American cowboy hero Wild Bill Hickock (albeit one with a funny accent). You say tom-*ahto* . . .

There, and I didn't mention *The Gunfighters* once.

American mythologies are all over Doctor Who's metaphorical shop

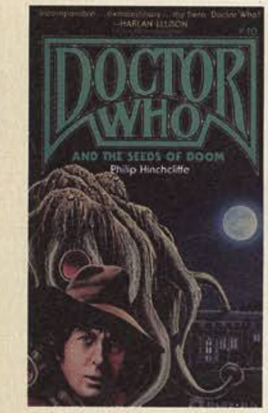
"Incomparable . . . extraordinary . . . my hero, Doctor Who!"

Gary Russell flicks through the small but remarkable library of American *Doctor Who* novelisations.

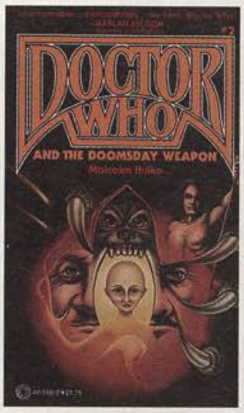

Incomparable... extraordinary... my hero, Doctor Who! —HARLAN ELLISON
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE DAY OF THE DALEKS
Terrance Dicks

Although *Doctor Who* did not receive its first major US surge of interest until the latter days of the seventies, the first American *Doctor Who* book was actually *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*, David Whitaker's novelisation of the first Dalek story. This was issued in 1967 by Avon Books, possibly to tie in with the then recently released *Dr. Who and the Daleks* movie. Certainly the cover is lurid enough the suggest a link to the movie, with over-sized coloured plastic Daleks apparently chucking sparklers at a couple of miniaturised humans who look suitably terrified. This clearly wasn't enough to convince Avon Books to indulge in republishing either *The Zarbi* or *The Crusade* (one would love to imagine a set of multicoloured plastic ants bunging fireworks around willy-nilly) and so it fell to Pinnacle Books to come up with the goods in 1979.

Pinnacle delivered ten repackagings of Target novelisations over the next 12 months. Taking in *Day of the Daleks*, *The Doomsday Weapon*, *The Dinosaur Invasion*, *Genesis of the Daleks*, *Revenge of the Cybermen*, *The Loch Ness Monster*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, *The Masque of Mandragora*, *The Android Invasion* and, closing the deal, *The Seeds of Doom*. Each book came with an introduction by that grand master of hyperbole Harlan Ellison, who seemed determined to have you believe that these books would one day stand up amongst such other great works of literature as *War of the Worlds*, *She* and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (although he does have the humility, and indeed the good sense, to observe they're not quite in the same class as Dickens or Mark Twain).


Incomparable... extraordinary... my hero, Doctor Who! —HARLAN ELLISON
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE SEEDS OF DOOM
Philip Hinchcliffe

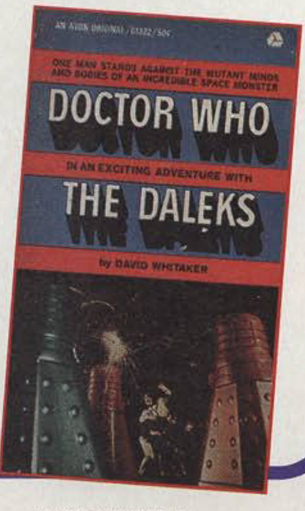
Incomparable... extraordinary... my hero, Doctor Who! —HARLAN ELLISON
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN
Terrance Dicks


Incomparable... extraordinary... my hero, Doctor Who! —HARLAN ELLISON
DOCTOR WHO
AND THE DOOMSDAY WEAPON
Malcolm Hulke

The books also had little summaries of the relevant Doctor, his companions, and the relevant monsters, UNIT etc. Useful précis certainly, although anyone buying *Day of the Daleks* could be forgiven for wondering just where the UNIT spaceship fits into the story or how many guns a Dalek has due to the technically beautiful but highly ludicrous cover paintings by David Mann which each novel was wrapped in.

There were other, more subtle changes. Jelly babies became 'jelly beans'. Car bonnets became 'hoods' and so forth. The books were reprinted many times, each time with subtle changes to the cover design, logo colours and flypages. By the time of their final reprint (1989) the first editions of these novels were as sought after as their Target forebears.

By the mid-eighties the Target novelisations were regularly being shipped over to the States, thus negating the need for reprints – but nevertheless two hardback volumes were issued by Doubleday via the American Book Club. *The Adventures of Doctor Who* saw *Genesis of the Daleks*, *Revenge of the Cybermen* and *The Loch Ness Monster* put under one glorious Gary Viskupic cover in 1979. A year or so later *The Further Adventures of Doctor Who* saw *The Deadly Assassin*, *The Face of Evil* and *The Robots of Death* (none of which had been picked up by Pinnacle) issued, this time under a Dan Horne cover.


AN AVON ORIGINAL
ONE MAN STANDS AGAINST THE MUTANT MINDS AND BODIES OF AN INCREDIBLE SPACE MONSTER
DOCTOR WHO
IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH
THE DALEKS
by DAVID WHITAKER

Eric Hoffman [4] Jorie Gracon [1] BBC Video [2]

can continue to purchase the programmes their audience want to see. Of course, as *Doctor Who* fans are a captive and loyal market, a whiff of blackmail creeps into the proceedings: 'Pay up or the British sci-fi show gets it.'

In the early eighties, *Doctor Who* celebrities chugging through the country on the convention gravy-train would find themselves roped into making on-air appeals for all manner of local TV stations ("Hi, I'm Janet Fielding, and you may know me from TV's *Doctor Who* . . .").

Later in the decade, as interest in the series began to decline, the fans themselves would become the mainstay of pledge nights; manning the phones, larking around in costume or just cringing in the background as station announcers carelessly displayed their total lack of knowledge about, or interest in, the series. Nonetheless, *Doctor Who* pledge nights regularly raised five-figure sums for any station making the push.

Kathy Sullivan played the game: "I was the supporter of two nearby PBS stations – one in Wisconsin and one in Minnesota. I started by telling both stations that if they got *Doctor Who* I'd send in pledge money. They finally did. I first joined each at the regular membership level of £35 a year, and later upped that to £65 each to encourage them to get the Hartnell and Troughton episodes. I sent in this money until they dropped the show, then I dropped them."

The stations' hunger for pledges led to a consequent demand for more material from Lionheart. The surviving black-and-white episodes became available for the first time, but only saw very patchy distribution. Some of the better-supported stations bought anything they could get their hands on, and could actually get through every existing episode of *Doctor Who* in a little over a year before starting again.

By the mid-eighties, the series was being screened on over 100 different television stations across the United States; on some, it could be seen six nights a week, 52 weeks a year. For a little while, the programme was available to almost everyone in the country who might like to watch it, as long as they were willing to make the pledge.

All this gives an American *Doctor Who* fan a fundamentally different attitude from that of a British one.

American fans have always had to *work* for their *Doctor Who*, to shout loudly for it and be willing to then put their money where their mouth is. The next episode was never guaranteed – it all had to be earned and paid for. Then, in turn, they appreciated what they had a little more.

Until 1985, British fans had never stopped to worry that the flow of new episodes might ever be interrupted – they just had to sit back and everything would come to them. As no effort had to be put in, little respect was awarded to the finished product.

This meant that while British *Doctor Who* fandom in the mid-eighties became sour-faced and churlish, the Americans were still wide-eyed and appreciative. Perhaps it's not surprising that Nathan-Turner and friends headed off so readily to the other side of the world, hard cash or no.

Of course, this meant that the 'cancellation crisis' of 1985 – which brought British fans up short and taught them to not take anything for granted – had little resonance for their American cousins, many of whom were still waiting to see Peter Davison. Eighteen months was a very short wait in their eyes, and one that would best be faced with cheery equanimity.

"Eight-een months is too long to wait. Bring him back now, don't hes-i-tate!"

November 1983's 'Ultimate Celebration' – the biggest *Who* convention ever

The TV Movie had romance, a car chase and swearing – but it bombed in the US

If this is a nightmare, now would be a good time to wake up.

It's Saturday night, and I'm on stage singing Doctor In Distress. *Luckily, I'm not alone. A show-off subset of the British contingent have decided it is our duty to make an effort in the cabaret. As Chumbawamba are currently tub-thumping their way up the Billboard chart and* The Full Monty *is packing out US cinemas, it seems that shouty-but-sensitive English types are terribly fashionable this week. As we're not in the mood to strip, we opt for a boorish anthem. Funnily enough, only one protest song seems appropriate to the occasion.*

Steve Cole is to my right; Paul Cornell, Brit fan Jac Rayner, author Keith Topping and Dave Owen are to my left; Dreamwatch *magazine's Paul Simpson is the wizard of the synth. We just about manage to deliver the requisite three verses, three choruses and one bad Anthony Ainley impression to time.*

To our delight, the applause is more than generous. Even the constipated-looking Babylon 5 *fans seem caught up in the moment. The audience of 500 or so seem delighted by our hastily organised performance.*

Hmmn, 500 or so . . . I'm told that's good for Gallifrey, but it's less than half what Manopticon in the UK attracted last year and this is a much bigger country. I thought those Chicago conventions I read about as a kid always attracted thousands of fans?

I wonder what went wrong? I really must look it up when I get back to England . . .

If the eighties had seen the rise and rise of *Doctor Who* in America, then the beginning of the next decade saw the bubble finally burst. The major turning point came with what has become known as the 'Sci-Fi Channel fiasco'.

When this cable channel was being set up in 1992, its original founder Mitch Rubenstein

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The Web Planet . . .

. . . and *The War Games*, black-and-white victims of the so-called 'Sci-Fi Channel fiasco'

American fans had to work hard for a chance to see new episodes. The Brits treated this as a birthright

bought, from BBC Lionheart, the rights to a package of 106 extant black-and-white Hartnell and Troughton episodes. However, by the time the channel reached the air it had changed hands – and the new management were only interested in screening the better-known Tom Baker serials. After much argument, Lionheart agreed to swap the black-and-white material (which, ironically, fans in many parts of the country had still not had a chance to see) for an equal number of colour episodes. This gave the Sci-Fi Channel a rather strange run from *Robot* Part One to, um, *The Androids of Tara* Part *Three* – and they seemed happy with that.

But then things started to get messy.

Meaning well, BBC Lionheart insisted that the Sci-Fi Channel must not receive exclusive rights to the *Doctor Who* material, as they wished to protect and remain loyal to their long-term PBS clients.

This left nobody feeling happy. The Sci-Fi Channel didn't have the key 'exclusive' selling point they sought for *Doctor Who,* and so had little confidence in the series. It was very poorly scheduled from the start.

Meanwhile, a large number of the PBS channels were now seriously worried they would lose their *Doctor Who* audience to the cable network, and this concern led many of them not to renew their contracts. For others, it simply provided a useful excuse to jump from what they saw as a sinking ship. The steadily rising cost of purchasing episodes from the increasingly money-hungry Lionheart had begun to outstrip the income from pledges. Unable or unwilling to purchase the series any longer, many stations actually tried to tell their viewers that that they were dropping *Doctor Who* because the Sci-fi Channel had an exclusive contact – a bare-faced lie.

Ironically, it wasn't long before the Sci-Fi Channel channel axed *Doctor Who* themselves, claiming that "it didn't live up to expectation."

Today, only five American PBS stations still carry the programme – Iowa, Denver, San José, Maryland and Cincinnati – all of which happen to have *Doctor Who* fans working on the inside, keeping the show on the air. Modern pledge nights even show such novelties as *Myth Makers* interview tapes and even recolourised Jon Pertwee adventures to maintain interest – serials which were actually restored using home video recordings from their original American transmissions during the seventies!

Even with this low level of uptake for the programme itself, organised fandom in the States still seems strong, although over the years the large fan clubs have splintered into a myriad of fun-sized local groups scattered across the 50 states.

Although 'Spirit of Light' went out of business in 1986, a race memory of those massive Chicago conventions still lives on in the form of 'Visions', held annually since 1990 around the Thanksgiving holiday each year, attracting 1300 attendees.

Also nine years old this year is the Los Angeles 'Gallifrey' convention, which, despite making a staggering loss during its first year, rallied to establish a position as the smaller but more friendly of the two major US conventions. Producer Philip Segal was on their guest list a year before the Paul McGann film reached the screens.

And what of that Paul McGann TV Movie? Surely that had an important part to play in this history of the ups and downs of *Doctor Who* in America?

Well, no it didn't – but it represents a cruel irony.

Back in 1978, Americans found *Doctor Who* a breath of fresh air in a schedule clogged with such glitzy tat at *Battlestar Galactica*. Two years later, it was the epitome of that type of series – *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* – that dealt *Doctor Who* a mortal blow in its homeland when almost a whole generation of children switched over to ITV for the bright and flashy adventures of the misplaced astronaut.

In 1996, a Californian TV producer attempted to capture the fresh English fizz of the *Doctor Who* he had enjoyed in the seventies and package it up in a new form which he felt would be more acceptable to a modern American audience. It had a multi-million dollar co-production budget and the support of a major US network. It had romance, a car chase and someone saying 'crap'. Nevertheless, *Doctor Who*, starring Paul McGann, sank without trace in the USA.

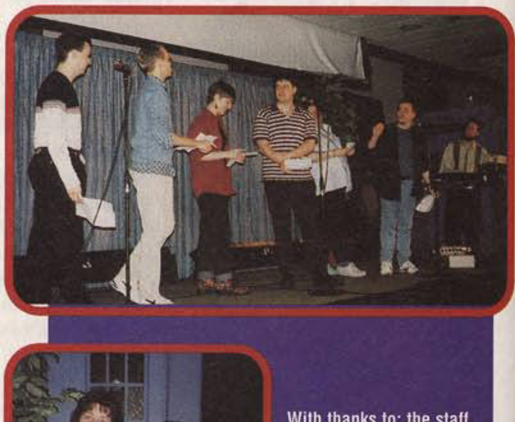
In Britain, meanwhile, this glossy American revamp generated the series' largest audience for over 15 years . . .

It's Sunday evening. The convention is over, and I'm eating orange ice-cream and chatting with my dance partners of Friday evening: the Eighth Doctor and Grace. Their real names are Tom Kelly and Rhonda Scarborough, they're from Ohio and are both completely adorable. They present me with a big bag of Jelly Babies they bought specially because I've been stealing Tom's all day. I think I might cry.

We all agree that we've had a fantastic time. I tell my new friends that Gallifrey Nine is the best, most relaxed and most entertaining Doctor Who *convention I've ever been to. They are amazed – they like Gallifrey very much, but surely the British conventions must be so much better?*

That's Britain and America for you, I say – always romanticising one other; always envious of one another.

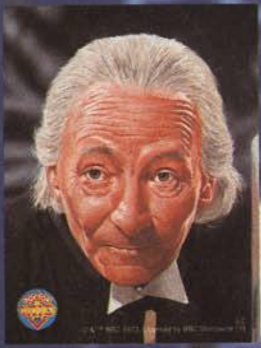
Maybe there's an article in that . . . DWM



With thanks to: the staff and attendees of Gallifrey Nine – especially organisers Shaun, Robbie and Christian; Robert Franks and Dan Harris, without whom this feature would not have been possible; and all the American fans who passed on stories and anecdotes – sorry so few could be used!

BBC [2] David J Howe [3]

Dr Who
Collectors Fridge Magnets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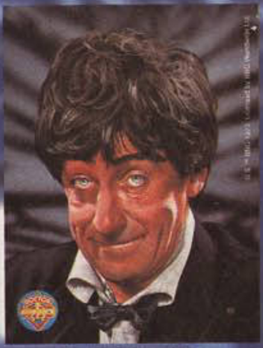
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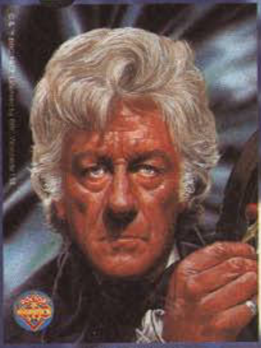
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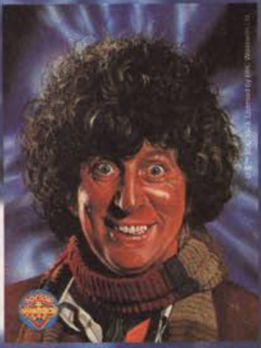
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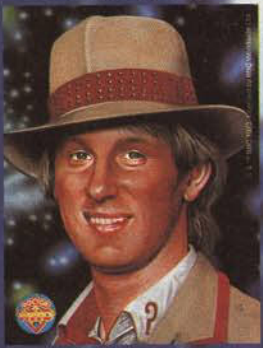
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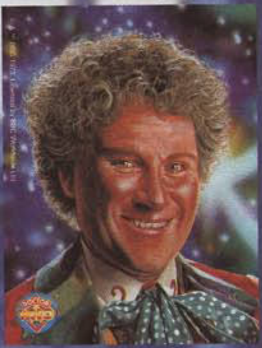
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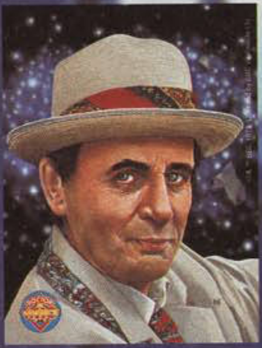
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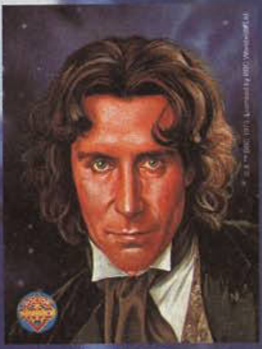
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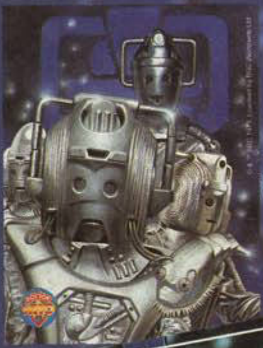
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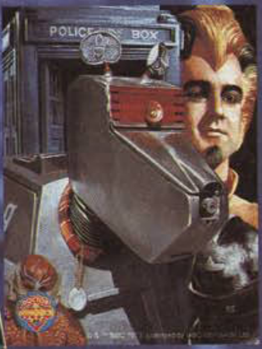

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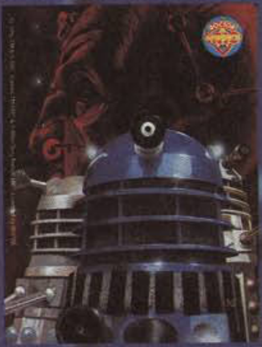
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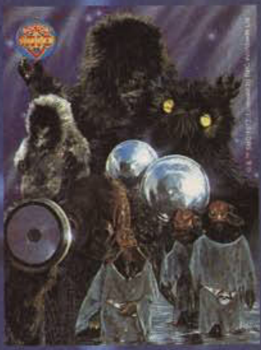
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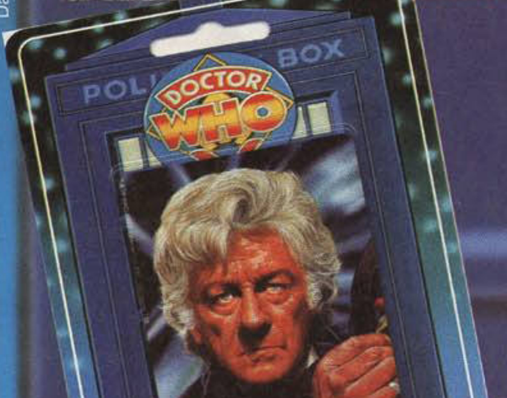

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Out of the Tardis

Richard Franklin

He was UNIT turncoat Mike Yates! He stood for the Referendum Party in the last General Election! He's down on daytime TV frontmen! He's Richard Franklin – and now he's facing 20 questions plucked freely from DWM's TARDIS tin!

Interview Paul Vyse Photographs Robin Prichard [3] BBC Video [1]

Have you woken up not knowing where you were?

A few years ago I was hitch-hiking around Morocco, and staying in a youth hostel in Marrakesh. The smallest of the three old buildings was built around a courtyard, and had no roof so you could look up to the stars. I was on a lower bunk in this building, and I woke up in the middle of the night and had no idea where I was – I panicked, absolutely panicked! As I desperately tried to get up out of this bunk I hit my head on the bed above me, and I fell onto the floor, looked up and saw the stars. And only then did I remember where I was.

What is the most ferocious argument you have had and who was it with?

There've been two. (Thoughtful pause.) On a personal level, my father, I suppose. He tried to throw me out of the house and I refused to go. I don't think any more need be said . . . (Another long think.) The other was a theatrical one. I once directed the play *Sleuth*, and one of the actors allowed his ego to run riot, and didn't agree with anything I said. In *Sleuth* there's a laughing sailor dummy and, completely over my head, he got the props department to make his own laughing sailor because he didn't like mine. He tried to bring it on stage and, well, I can remember nearly taking the roof off! The funny thing was, when we came to the end of the run, we ended up standing on the same platform for the train back to London – and he had his laughing sailor with him! Desperate man!

Which part of your body would you most like to change?

Well, I'm very well-formed, you know! I want eternal youth, actually – the whole bloody lot done! (Laughs.) I've always had rather a good body – maybe I could go back to a few years ago, but on the whole I think I'm very lucky. A lot of people have deteriorated a lot more than I have!

Who was the most fanciable person you worked with on *Doctor Who*?

I don't think I dare mention! (Laughs long and thinks hard.) Katy Manning. And the third soldier on the right.

Do you you believe in capital punishment?

Yes. For the murder of anyone in the security services, a policeman, or any murder for gain – robbery, or sexual gratification. I mean, for someone to break into a pensioner's house and rob them, or even rape them . . . I feel there's every justification for those people being taken out of society, simply as a lesson to others. Society has to have some absolutes, a way of saying, 'This is not tolerable under any circumstances whatsoever.' To be quite honest with you, if a society reaches the stage where it has to take someone's life, that society has failed. I would hope there would *never* come a time where capital punishment was obligatory – look at all these miscarriages of justice, where it's turned out after so many years that people weren't guilty of the crimes of which they were accused – but maybe it should be there as an option.

Who should play you in a film of your life?

Brad Pitt. He's a nice looking guy, so that's fair enough! Someone with the acting skill of Tony Hopkins and the looks of Brad Pitt. A combo.

In which one of the seven deadly sins do you indulge most often: anger, sloth, gluttony, covetousness, envy, pride or lust?

Well, I have a quick temper sometimes, but not too much. Sloth, possibly, but once I get round to something I give it my all. Pride, yes, but not 'arrogance' pride, at least I hope not – I can appreciate when someone is more talented or beautiful than me, but I don't envy anyone. I think it's good to be proud. However, they're all very self-destructive emotions, really.

Which soap opera character do you most identify with?

Well, I enjoy watching some of the soaps – I like *EastEnders* and *Coronation Street* especially – but I don't ever see a character that I can relate to or obviously play. I think *Emmerdale*, which I was in, has got extraordinarily silly. *Brookside* deals with lots of gritty issues like incest which worries me slightly – if people see that there is a possibility that these kinds of things go on, that's when you get people encouraged to do it. For producers to say that people aren't influenced by television is ridiculous – why do advertisers advertise? I think the soaps have got to be careful what they do, really.

What is the biggest lie you have ever been told?

That Britain was a place of fair play, free speech and democracy!

Would you ever appear nude on TV, film or stage?

I think that an actor has got to be totally free to express the script. I wouldn't appear nude if it were gratuitous, but there are occasions when it's necessary, and then I certainly would. As a director and writer I've come across many actors who say, 'Oh, I can't say that' or, 'I can't do that,' but if the script demands that the character says 'arsehole' then you bloody well say it – it's your *character*, for God's sake, it's not a reflection on the actor!

When were you last sick after drinking too much?

Interesting question! I *can* remember it because I've only once, in my entire life, been sick through drinking. Once. It was many years ago when I mixed rough cider with Guinness – a drink called Black Velvet. The cider was off, and it was that which made me very ill – not that I had too much to drink. I'm not saying I haven't drunk a lot on other occasions! (Laughs.) I don't tend to fill myself with booze because I get the most desperate hangovers.

What law would you pass?

(Laughs.) These questions were written for me, weren't they! (Thinks.) I would like a law to protect minorities. Britain is a very hypocritical nation and that is something I dislike intensely. I think discrimination against people because of their race is totally unacceptable, as is any form of religious discrimination. Then, of course, there's discrimination against people's sexual orientation. I mean, the laws against gays have been particularly tightened up by the Conservative party, what with Section 28 and its attendant legislation – hardly appropriate for a supposedly civilised nation. So I would help minorities.

Have you ever stolen anything?

Yes, I have. As a very small child I stole change from my mother's purse – she would send me out to do the shopping and I wouldn't give her all the change back. She must have known, and just let me get away with it, I suppose. I feel bad about it now, though, because she's dead, and so I can't say sorry . . .

Are you a good kisser?

Depends which portion of the anatomy I'm kissing! (Laughs.) It depends whether I'm feeling passionate – I think in the heat of passion one could do anything!

Were you bullied at school?

Not really, no, and I'm not sure exactly why I escaped. Bullying is despicable, and I think it's ridiculous that the threat of corporal punishment in schools is not taken further – I mean, you don't want mass beatings going on, but things like detention and lines really don't have any effect.

Who should be president of Britain if the country were declared a republic?

(Laughs.) I can't believe these! (Thinks.) *I'd* be very good, because I'm very fair and I have a lot of vision! If I couldn't do it, then I think John Cleese would be very good – you'd need someone with a sense of humour!

Have you ever written a letter of complaint?

Yes, lots! I don't think you should let things pass. I mean, I'm not constantly niggling but if you get bad service then people should know. This is why bureaucracies are bad because there's never one person you can get at. I don't like the idea of Cabinet government, with *everyone* taking responsibility – I don't think they should. A minister should stand up and say, 'No, I believe in *this*!'

What is the most embarrassing thing in your wardrobe?

A pair of gorgeous stilettos! I wore them as an Ugly Sister in panto once. I was good in drag, too – *very* hard work, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. I usually get cast as the baddie, but that's not so good because you don't get so much opportunity for laughs. I love panto.

Do you watch daytime TV?

I do sometimes. I like Oprah Winfrey and I watch, and get irritated by, Kilroy – he always has his own agenda and he never seems to listen to any of the arguments. However, I'm not keen on Richard and Judy at all – especially Richard. I'd quite like to string them up – a justification for capital punishment if ever there was one! And *Supermarket Sweep* is a sad reflection of the state Britain has got into – a supermarket is a place to go and buy food, for goodness' sake, not a source of entertainment . . .

Who is your guru?

I'd say Nelson Mandela – he's had a lifelong conviction about injustice, has had to suffer massively for it, and he has now achieved a position within the establishment without an ounce of vindictiveness. Remarkable. **DWM**

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Shelf Life

In which the Third Doctor gets banged up in Stangmoor nick

And Dave Owen salutes a fair Kop

DOCTOR WHO: THE MIND OF EVIL

Video BBC Video **Featuring** The Third Doctor, Jo, UNIT & the Master **RRP** £16.99 **Cat No** BBCV 6361 **Available** 4 May

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE MIND OF EVIL
STARRING JON PERTWEE

Although tempted to effect a broadsheet reviewer's studied aloofness, and pretend there is nothing remarkable about it, the first thing that the BBC Video release of *The Mind of Evil* screams is that it's a Jon Pertwee story – in Black and White! This format plays distracting tricks on the viewer, making the story appear to have been made years before the rest of 1971's roster – and at a far higher budget. Producer Barry Letts' overenthusiasm for then state-of-the-art CSO effects, coupled with the survival of the surrounding stories in garishly-hued NTSC video, means that while those others look at times like student television projects, *The Mind of Evil* looks like an early sixties British feature film.

Had the story been made when its appearance suggests it would have featured Jon Pertwee's predecessor. Had the Second Doctor sneered so rudely at Professor Kettering during his demonstration of the Keller Machine, a device for mopping up human evil, he might have seemed more likeable than the Third, who here – perhaps due to his greater physical and interpersonal stature – comes across as far more of a bully. His impatience particularly vexes the Brigadier, notably when the Doctor and Chinese peace talks delegate Fu Peng exclude him by conversing in Hokkien only. One pities Lethbridge-Stewart throughout – having to tolerate not only this but a fainting Sergeant Benton and an overenthusiastic Major Philips.

For all such occasionally humorous characters, this is far from being a warmly-populated Robert Holmes story; there are no tongue-in-cheek visual symbols like *Terror of the Autons*' daffodils, and the main setting of Stangmoor Prison is as far from Rossini's Circus as possible, its inmates being authentic hardcases. Far and away the most effective setting is the Process Room, where human guinea pigs are strapped into a dentist's chair – and, as their evil impulses are sucked into the Keller Machine, the lights dim in a directorial allusion to death by electric chair. The only fantastical devices in the story are the Master's telepathic amplifier and the Machine itself – an odd-looking prop containing an occasionally-glimpsed alien mind parasite which is made oddly terrifying both by superb camerawork and the nightmarish plot development in which it gains the ability to teleport around the prison after its prey. There are no juvenile solutions such as the Doctor's previously glimpsed hypnotic ring, Bessie's anti-theft device, or even the ubiquitous Sonic Screwdriver. Instead, dealing with the Master and his machine involves the use of familiar Earth technology – bombs, guns and, conveniently, UNIT's shoot-to-kill policy.

> **Oddly terrifying, *The Mind of Evil* looks like an early sixties British feature**

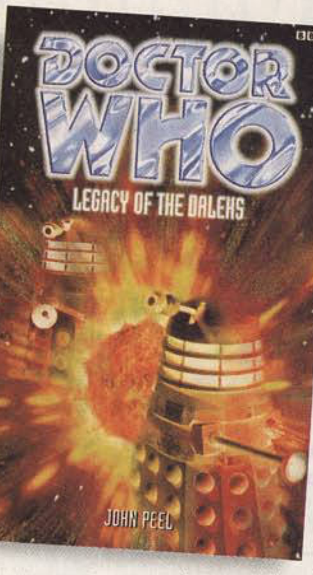
Just as the Doctor has the Brigadier to do his dirty work for him, so the Master has convict Harry Mailer – who is realised perfectly by William Marlowe, sporting the kind of Edwardian facial hair which only lifers have the time to perfect. In fact, there are no weak performances. Katy Manning, in only her second story, makes Jo Grant sympathetic without being pathetic and brave without bravado; for this period there could be no more suitable companion.

The remastering (no pun intended) of the story has achieved a far clearer picture quality than the print screened on UK Gold in the early nineties; the studio scenes in particular look like a live broadcast with the colour turned down. However, I suspect that many, like me, will be fast-forwarding to the recolourised excerpts at the end of the second tape. These are prefaced by a photo-montage with captions explaining why only a few fragments from the final episode exist in colour, accompanied by a new score in perfect keeping with Dudley Simpson's oscillators of doom. The recolourised scenes look slightly anaemic compared to the complete recolourised stories, but are perhaps slightly sharper.

This is an undeniably attractive package; although many will only buy it for the colour footage, it is really the icing on the cake. I'm glad I was just too young to have seen the story on transmission, because I would have been too terrified to watch *Doctor Who* again for years.

DOCTOR WHO: LEGACY OF THE DALEKS

Novel BBC Books **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor & Sam **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 405740 X **Available** 7 April



Legacy of the Daleks' setting is borrowed wholesale from Terry Nation's *Survivors*

Over a decade ago, some friends with more patience than I attempted a practical joke which tells as much of their single-mindedness as their victims' gullibility. Knowing that during the sixties Terry Nation had attempted to sell a TV series featuring the Daleks in the USA, they fashioned a pilot script. It featured all the Nation trademarks: characters called Tarrant or Dortmund; a countdown; bombs; freedom fighters. For a challenge, they threw in a reference to every single one of Nation's *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7* story titles – easy enough with *World's End* (as it used to be known), but rather harder with *The Keys of Marinus*. This typed-up and artificially-aged screenplay caused a great deal of credulous excitement among high-profile *Doctor Who* historians and publishers until they encountered a scene in which three security guards called John, Scott, and Martin walk into a room together – and, from this allusion to the name of the veteran Dalek operator, realised that they had been had. Alas, upon reaching the end of *Legacy of the Daleks*, via chapter titles such as *Countdown to World's End*, I have seen no such literary wink, and am forced to conclude that the book is not a practical joke, and I am supposed to take it at face value. Now that really is funny.

Unlike, say, Lawrence Miles or Paul Cornell, who might take one of *Doctor Who*'s less auspicious icons such as the Krotons or the Vardans and fashion a far more imposing story around them than was ever done on television, John Peel sets himself the demanding task of bridging two of *Doctor Who*'s most inspiring creations – the shattered England following the Dalek invasion of Earth, and the events of *The Deadly Assassin*.

Taking Susan Foreman's moving departure from the series as a starting point, the novel unimaginatively applies the theory that since Susan is a Time Lord, 30 years later an older David Campbell will still be married to a woman who has apparently not aged a day. This ludicrous outcome cannot have been in Terry Nation's mind back in 1964, nor in the minds of those who later invented the Time Lords and their life span. Such a plot device typifies a reductionist intellect incapable of productively extrapolating from the inconsistencies in *Doctor Who*. Nor is it a remotely creative intellect; Susan and David live in a society borrowed wholesale from Nation's seventies TV series *Survivors* – in which, following a natural holocaust, men with guns band together in castles, and women have babies for them.

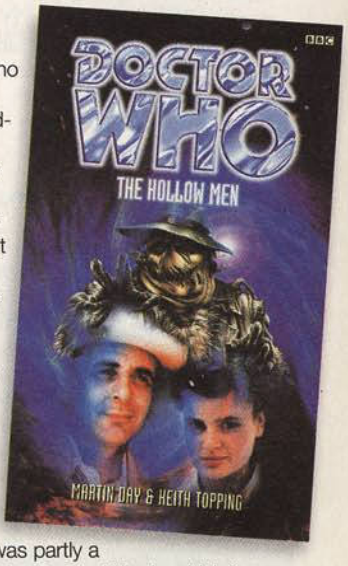
With only the excitement of the occasional roving Slyther or submerged Dalek base to keep them busy, the good people of post-apocalypse Albion have little to keep them occupied, it seems, other than learning to speak American English. The national motto must be, 'Don't get angry – get mad. A whole lot mad.' Even the Doctor joins in, although he is at least recognisable as Paul McGann's interpretation of our half-human hero. In Sam's absence, he temporarily acquires one Donna as a companion. Donna is unable to have children, and is thus permitted to ride around on horseback righting wrongs.

A renegade Time Lord and arch-enemy of the Doctor is, of course, pulling one of the feudal lord's strings. His identity is guessable from his first appearance, thereby denying the reader any pleasure from working it out. Having previously adopted *noms-des-guerres* in Latin and Greek, it seems something of a step down for The Master to now title himself in the made-up non-ethnic language Esperanto.

Less ambitious by far than *War of the Daleks*, this book is nonetheless just as contrived and pointless as its precursor. Closing off dangling loose ends in *Doctor Who* is all very well, but those doing so are in a position of responsibility to maintain the quality of what they attach to. And *Legacy of the Daleks*' sole original contribution, some men fighting with guns, is not up to the task. Far from essential reading.

DOCTOR WHO: THE HOLLOW MEN

Novel BBC Books **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Ace **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 405831 X **Available** 7 April



Quoting Margaret Thatcher's claim that there is no such thing as society, only individuals and families, makes *The Hollow Men*'s preface seem rather incongruous at first – but as the novel unfolds, it ties in to an overwhelming theme. This second novel from Martin Day and Keith Topping differs immediately from their debut *The Devil Goblins From Neptune* – which was partly a satire of the era of the *Doctor Who* in which it was set – by being a more direct homage to the Seventh Doctor's style; not only on television, as the mores of Virgin's *New Adventures* now paradoxically feed back into a story set in the television era which inspired them.

For instance, it is very much a *New Adventures* Doctor observed crying to Elgar's *Nimrod*, which is playing on Ace's ghetto-blaster when he makes a surprise visit to a boarding school in the rural village of Hexen Bridge of which he is a governor. Just as the school evokes Paul Cornell's *Human Nature*, so does the village – with its strange goings-on and dysfunctional families – summon up both *Happy Endings* and *Conundrum*. Wisely, the authors spread the action out, both back in time, to when the curse of Hexen Bridge was cast, and in space, to Liverpool. This is a setting not entirely unfamilar to your *Shelf Life* columnist, who spent the first 18 years of his life in that city. I can verify that all details are correct, save for the fact that no native has ever once referred to his home city as "the 'Pool". Dey don't do dat dere, do dey?

The first half of *The Hollow Men* is excellent, thriving on the diversity of its moods and setting and introducing new characters slowly so as maintain interest without overwhelming. Later, however, once the gist of the plot has emerged, there are two main disappointments; this is yet another BBC

Talking Books Martin Day and Keith Topping

Have you ever actually been to Liverpool?

KT Several times, though not for long – mainly to football games. Of course, all of the standard clichés about Liverpool – the crime, etc – are rubbish. It seemed nice to do a story set somewhere where community still has a part to play, a contrast to Hexen Bridge where it's completely broken down. Interestingly, halfway through writing the book, Space's *Neighbourhood* came out. That's the soundtrack to the Liverpool segments.

Although set during the TV run, does *The Hollow Men* draw on Virgin's *New Adventures*?

KT We tried hard not to do that. I think the Doctor might be a little closer to the Virgin Doctor than we started out with.

MD I think the style and content are very much influenced by Virgin's *New Adventures* – that freedom to do things that you obviously couldn't on the small screen. We were keen to 'use' the TV Doctor and Ace, however, so it is something of a mish-mash.

Any particular influences this time?

KT John Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos* [1961 film version *Village of the Damned* pictured] was a big influence, as were Muriel Spark's storytelling techniques – flashbacks within scenes without the usual "this is a flashback" signpost.

MD I was more interested in novels that explore similar themes – not so much Stephen King and James Herbert as British horror/thriller writers like Stephen Gallagher, obviously, and Stephen Laws. I think I was reading the latter's *The Wyrm* while plotting some of the Hexen Bridge material . . .

Books sequel to a broadcast story (although it does, at least, tie in with a story that has been released on video under the new range); and as the plot, once having peaked, roller-coasters down to its conclusion, it is nearly sidetracked by the sheer number of in-jokes. Some will appeal to *Doctor Who* literati, others to consumers of the same popular culture as the authors – but all are asides, and asides by definition cause the reader to look away from the forward direction.

It is illuminating to consider how perfectly what is only the second 'past Doctor' novel to feature the Seventh incarnation articulates his era's norms. The Time Lord's role is to express caution where humans feel none, and light-heartedness in adversity. Ace, unlike the sullen mercenary who later featured in print, is keen to make new friends or allies wherever the Doctor takes her, in marked contrast to the received wisdom that she was a sulking loner. The Seventh Doctor's stories are fast-moving and complicated, and are not resolved simply – there is inevitably some heart-rending cost attached to the Doctor's solution. It's all in here, and Paul and Martin's adherence to the right style is perfect.

So if rampant sequelitis must pervade the BBC Books range, then *Shelf Life* would far prefer to see it as presented here rather than in *Legacy of the Daleks*. *The Hollow Men* exists as a complete story in its own right, rather than as a contrived bridge between others, and its link with *Doctor Who*'s past feels as if it was added when similarities to the broadcast story concerned made mentioning it inevitable, and following it sensible. In every sense, this is by far the cleverer of April's novels.

Nicholas Courtney's reading of UNiT tale *Degrees of Truth* is the audio's high point

DOCTOR WHO: SHORT TRIPS

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Having been holed up in the USA for months, your *Shelf Life* correspondent has had cause to order a number of talking books just to be reminded what another British accent sounds like – and was delighted to add *Short Trips* to the pile, despite having only recently read the printed version.

The first tape of the pair excels the second by far. Nicholas Courtney grabs the attention immediately; the present-tense tableaux of *Freedom* sound odd narrated by the voice associated with the Brigadier, and Sophie Aldred makes an excellent Jo Grant. *Model Train Set* sounds as if it were written to be read aloud, and Sophie is an obvious choice for the troubled first-person female narrator of *Glass*. The collection's high point is its exclusive, David A McIntee's simple and moving *Degrees of Truth* – in which Nicholas relates a story in which the father of a dead UNIT soldier confronts Lethbridge-Stewart over the manner of his son's death. This alone justifies the price – which is just as well, because side three is dedicated to a patronising reading of the overambitious *Stop The Pigeon*, complete with Sophie's still more overambitious rendition of the Seventh Doctor's voice. Finally, things improve with Nick's straightforward rendering of *Old Flames*.

When you buy *Short Trips*, why not block the recording-prevention hole on side three with Sellotape and record your own performance of the wonderful *Mondas Passing* – sadly absent from this audio version? Then the collection will be perfect . . . **DWM**

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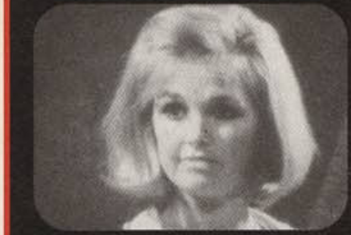
The Telesnap Archive

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Faceless Ones

Episode 5

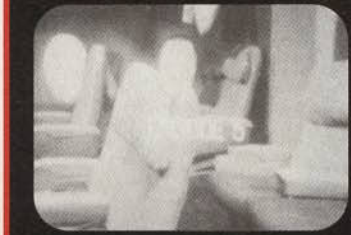
by David Ellis & Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Gerry Mill
Transmitted 6 May 1967



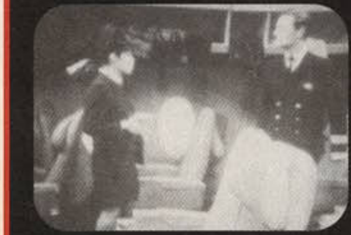
Miss Rock reports that Air-Sea Rescue has yet to find the plane's wreckage. To have escaped radar detection, says the Commandant, the "damn thing" would have to be "in outer space". "Exactly," says the Doctor.

THE FACELESS ONES

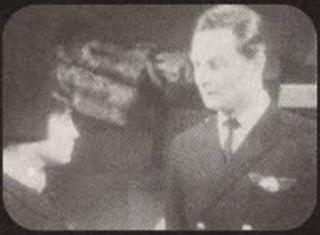
Meanwhile, the transformed aircraft glides effortlessly out of the Earth's atmosphere – and towards a large conical satellite.



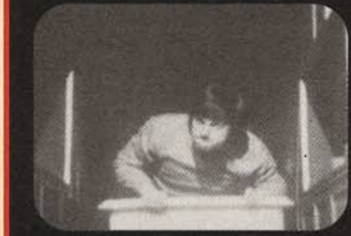
The stewardess begins to move along the aisle.



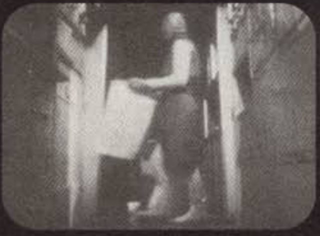
Blade enters the cabin; she wonders if it was wise of him to destroy the fighter which had pursued them. "We could destroy a whole squadron of their toy planes and they still wouldn't get on to us," brags Blade.



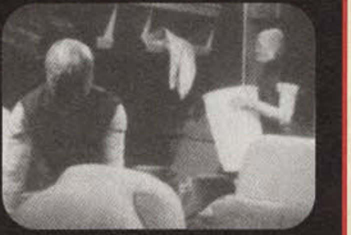
"Remember the teaching of our Director," he adds. "The intelligence of Earth people is only comparable to that of animals on our own planet."



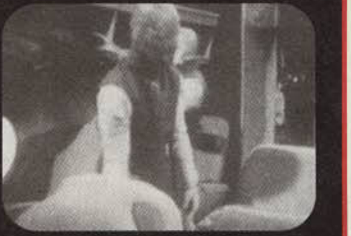
Hiding in the rear of the plane, Jamie listens closely. They leave . . .



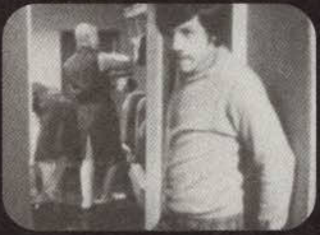
. . . and two of the featureless aliens board the plane.



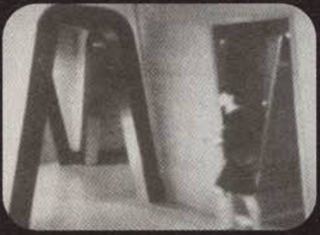
And, after setting down the cartons they are carrying . . .



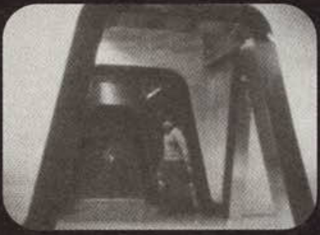
. . . they start to collect something from each of the seats.



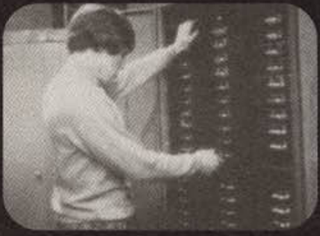
Cautiously, Jamie makes his way to the exit, unseen by the busy aliens.



In the corridor outside, he observes the stewardess coming from an adjoining room.



Keeping to the alcoves, he makes his way towards the same room.



Inside, he moves towards a cabinet with many drawers. He chooses one, and opens it.

Inside, he finds the missing teenagers somehow 'miniaturised' – and pulls back in revulsion.

"I thought I'd missed one of you," says a voice behind him: the stewardess. "What have you done with them?" he asks, disgusted. She orders him to close the drawer. Two of the featureless creatures close in on Jamie . . .

Jean Rock reports that Air-Sea Rescue still hasn't located the presumed wreckage of the Chameleon Tours plane.

The Commandant learns that the remains of the RAF fighter have been found; its pilot was electrocuted. "Do you still think these people are from Earth?" snaps the Doctor. The Commandant demands solid evidence.

"I think it's just come in," observes the Doctor as Meadows returns. He says that Meadows knows what the arm cuff is; Meadows claims not to know what he means. "Roll up your sleeve," insists the Doctor . . .

"Your personnel are being systematically replaced, and this is how they do it," the Doctor tells the Commandant. "This is not Meadows – it only looks like Meadows. He's wearing one of these on his arm."

Meadows bolts for the door. "Stop him!" cries the Doctor. The quick thinking Heslington tackles the fleeing controller. While Meadows is being forcibly re-seated, Jean calls for the police.

Revealing the black cuff, the Doctor wonders what would happen if he tinkered with it. Meadows panics; the Doctor promises that no harm will come to him if he answers all their questions. Meadows agrees.

A giant explosion, says Meadows, robbed his race of their identities. They are dying out, but their scientists have devised a way to take on the characteristics of other beings; the cuff he wears is part of the process.

"How many of these young people do you hope to abduct?" asks the Doctor. "50,000", replies Meadows. The Doctor asks how many of his people are at Gatwick; Meadows claims not to know.

All Meadows knows regarding the people whose identities have been stolen is that they are somewhere in the airport. Threatened, Meadows says that it is dangerous to the aliens if the cuffs are removed from the humans.

The process can be reversed via the machine in the Medical Centre. Meadows says that only the nurse knows where her original is; coerced, he reveals that the nurse has her original hidden in the Centre.

The police arrive. "Alright," concedes Meadows. "You'll never see those 50,000 people again." Escorted by the police, they head for the Medical Centre.

Meanwhile, in the Medical Centre, Sam struggles . . .

. . . as the nurse secures her to the couch.

Her task complete, the nurse retires to the waiting room while Sam strains against her bonds.

Spencer tells the nurse that Sam is needed as an original so one of their people can get close enough to kill the Doctor – but the nurse breaks off their conversation when the Doctor bursts into the room.

"Can I help you?" she asks, politely. "Bring him in," orders the Doctor. Meadows is escorted into the room; "I think you two have something in common," beams the Doctor.

He orders the nurse to roll up her sleeves. She attempts to struggle, but one of the policemen overpowers her and takes her gun.

Meadows then tells the Doctor that the nurse's original is in the back room.

"I thought I was done for," gasps Sam as the Doctor releases her.

Meadows says that the original is behind one of the wall panels – and directs the Doctor to the control panel on the couch. The wall slides away, revealing the real nurse.

"Flippin' 'eck, but she's in there!" exclaims Sam.

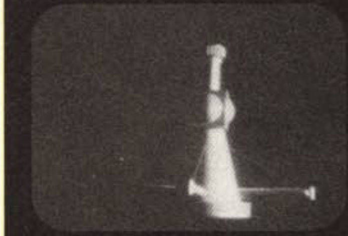
The alien nurse takes a gun from beneath a towel – and aims it at the policeman.

Showing no emotion, she fires. The policeman falls to the floor.

"You traitor," she hisses as she enters the back room and aims her weapon at Meadows. "Look out!" yells Sam. Meadows adjusts the controls on the original nurse's arm cuff – and her alien double vanishes.

The Doctor comforts the frightened Sam as Meadows helps the nurse onto the other couch.

"Will there be any permanent damage?" asks the Doctor. "No," replies Meadows; it is quite safe to remove the cuff from the nurse's arm. Sam tells the Doctor that the aliens now have Jamie; he rushes off.

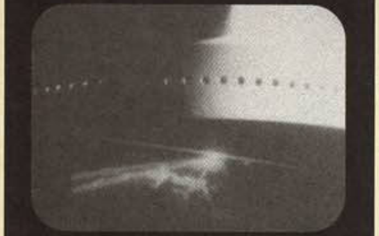


High above the earth, the aliens' space station slowly turns.

Jamie is surprised to encounter Crossland – but the young Scot's suspicions grow when Crossland starts to probe him, asking if anyone believes the Doctor's claims. "Have you escaped or something?" Jamie enquires.

"No one escapes from here," he replies when Jamie claims that the Doctor will rescue them. "Not this time. He's up against a mind even superior to his – the mind of the Director, the man in charge of this whole mission."

"You seem to know a lot about this," Jamie says, warily. "Of course I do," he admits. "I am the Director."



The aliens' transformed plane begins its slow descent back to Earth.

The Commandant orders Heslington to monitor the airspace where the last flight disappeared; they are expecting an incoming flight.

The Doctor has files relating to 25 of the airport's staff, all of whom have been taken over. The last Chameleon Tours flight of the season leaves in an hour; the Doctor means to be on it, travelling to the aliens' satellite.

With Meadows' help he plans to impersonate an alien. He asks the Commandant to find the originals of the 25 taken over by the aliens – but warns him not to tamper with their cuffs, lest he lose a threat he might bargain with.

"You're sure you understand what I am asking you to do?" says the Doctor to the nurse. "Yes of course," she replies. "We've got to think of those young people." Blade strides into the room and pulls a gun on the Doctor.

The nurse explains that the Doctor is in fact Meadows, having taken on the overpowered Doctor's identity. Blade informs them that everyone is going back to the satellite, and instructs them to report to the plane.

The Commandant receives confirmation that both the Doctor and the nurse have been seen boarding the plane along with other airport personnel – and gives permission for the flight to depart.

The Chameleon Tours plane climbs up into the sky. As the Commandant instructs the Superintendent to detail his men to search for the originals, the plane's radar trace vanishes from the air traffic controller's screen.

Jean is searching the Medical Centre when Sam returns. Back at Air Traffic Control, Jean reports that all they have found are a few bits of paper. Thousands of lives depend upon their finding the originals – and quickly.

"How much longer?" the nurse asks. The Doctor tells her not to worry; they are almost there. The transformed plane glides effortlessly towards the waiting satellite.

Blade tells his passengers that the success of their mission means that living space has been given over to their 'cargo'; they will report to the accommodation centre. "Do you think he suspects?" asks the nurse as they disembark.

"What is your name?" asks the Director. "Jam," the boy beside him mumbles. The Director reaches for the boy's arm cuff . . .

"Jamie," says the alien clearly – minus the original's Scots accent. Blade reports that the real Doctor and Nurse Pinto are aboard, but his request to have them killed is refused. The alien Jamie says that the Doctor is a time traveller . . .

Slipping away from the main party, the Doctor suggests that they try to find the missing passengers – but they haven't gone far before they run into both Captain Blade and the stewardess.

Bluffing, the Doctor claims that they were on their way to the accommodation centre. "You two won't be needing living space," Blade informs them. They turn round in horror; a featureless alien blocks their escape . . .

DIRECTED BY
GERRY MILL
BBC tv

*To be concluded in **DWM 266**, on sale 4 June.*

Compiled by **Matthew Pereira**

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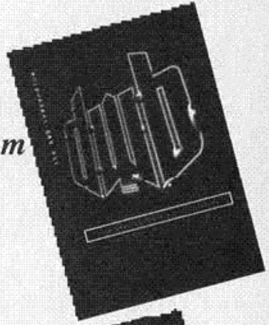

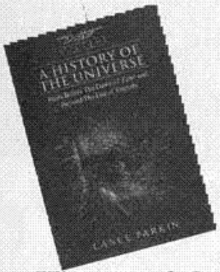

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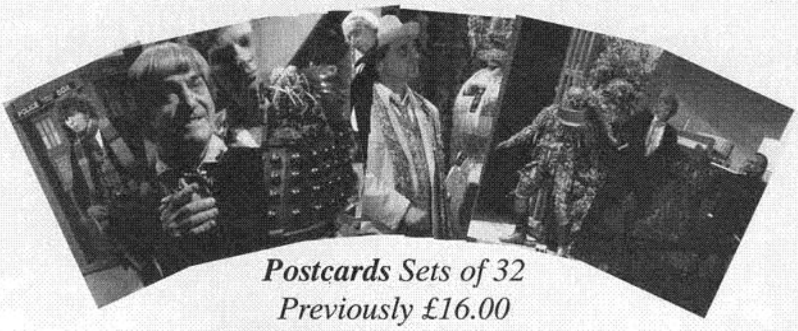

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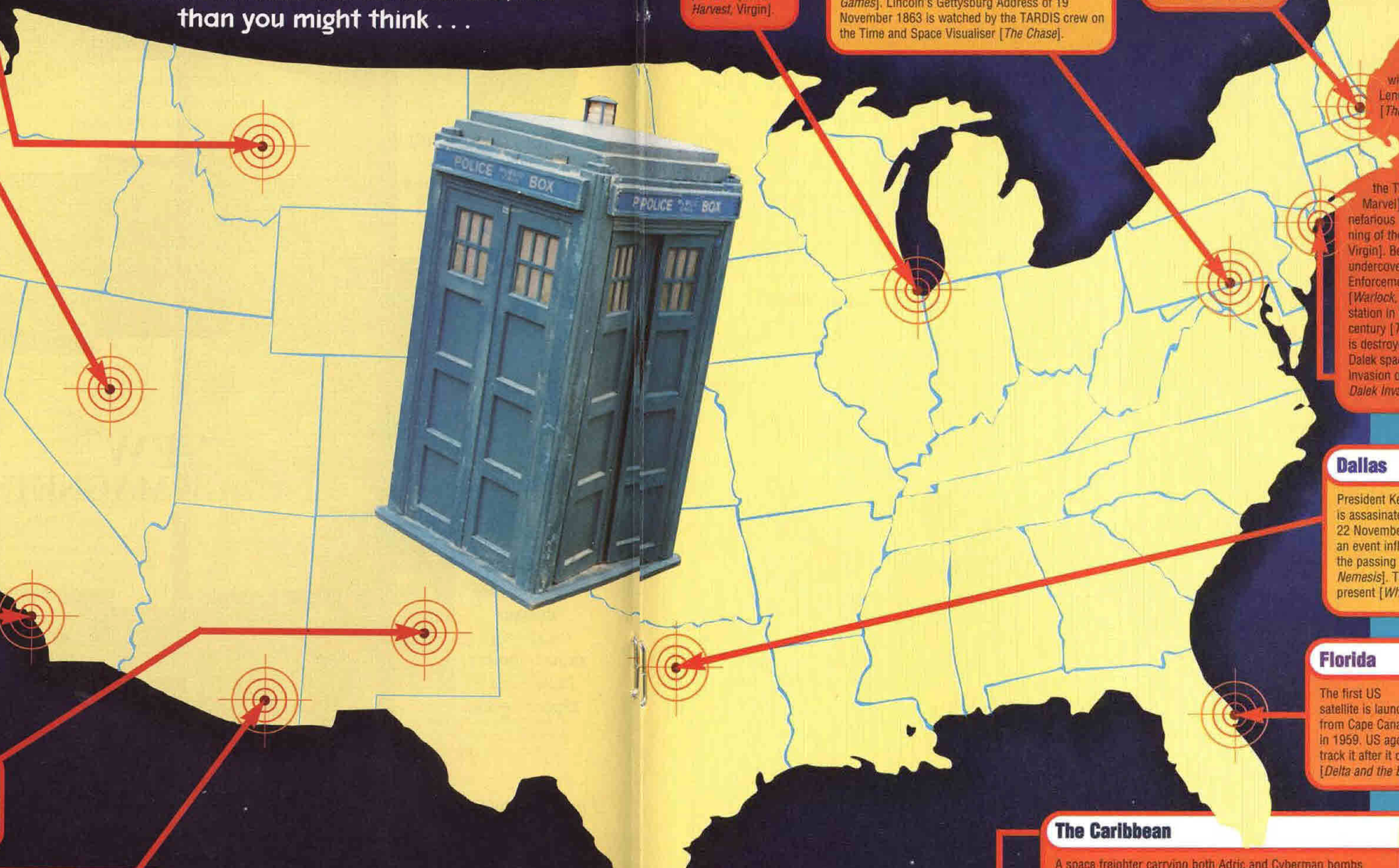
The United States of Doctor Who

The TARDIS brings the Doctor to Earth more frequently than any other planet, and to England more than any other country. However, the Time Lord's adventures on TV, in books and in comics have seen him visit the USA more often than you might think . . .



Montana

The Doctor once trained a wrestler by the name of the Mountain Mauler of Montana [*The Romans*].

Nevada

Part of the desert is stolen by the Cybermen in 1954 [*The Good Soldier*, Marvel]. The Doctor, Liz, The Brigadier and Mike Yates visit the infamous Area 51 as they fight the Waro [*The Devil Goblins from Neptune, BBC*]. A casket containing the Doctor's body is taken here [*Alien Bodies, BBC*].

San Francisco

The Doctor visits during the great earthquake of 1906 [*All-Consuming Fire*, Virgin]. The TARDIS lands here on 30 December 1999 so the Doctor can find an atomic clock. After being shot by a street gang, his seventh regeneration is triggered by Dr Grace Holloway of Walker Hospital. The Master takes over the body of Bruce, a San Franciscan ambulance driver [*Doctor Who*]. The Doctor fights vampires here in 1976 and 1997 [*Vampire Science*, BBC].

Los Angeles

The Doctor, Steven and Sara Kingdom find themselves chased around a Hollywood film set in the early 1920s [*The Daleks' Master Plan*]. The Fifth Doctor and Peri also battled Osiran beetle-god Kephri here in 1938 [*The Curse of the Scarab*, Marvel]. 1959 Disneyland is a popular destination for Navarinos, courtesy Nostalgia Tours [*Delta and the Bannermen*]. Peri's passport gives her home address as 45th 2057th Street, St Michelle, Pasadena, California [*Planet of Fire*].

Alamagordo

The Doctor battles the Master and the Tzun in New Mexico in 1957 [*First Frontier*, Virgin].

Tombstone

TOMBSTONE
O.K. CORRAL

The Doctor, Steven and Dodo find themselves caught up in the gunfight at this town's OK Corral on 26 October 1881 [*The Gunfighters*].

All stories are TV serials unless otherwise stated. 'Marvel'/'TV Comic'/'Countdown' refer to comic strips. 'Virgin'/'BBC' refer to novels.

With thanks to: Steven Bagley, Alden Bates, Peter Blake, Jonathan Blum, Finn Clark, Michael J Doran, Richard Jones, Corey Klemow, Michael Lee, Steve Manfred, Gregory McCambley, David A McIntee, Ian McIntire, Nathan Rogers, Simon Simmons, Robert Smith, Jennifer Tifft, Keith Topping, Michael Tumilty.

Chicago

The Doctor runs a speakeasy just off Dearborn St in this 1920s gangster's paradise [*Blood Harvest*, Virgin].

Gettysburg

The Rani conducts amoral experiments in this area around the time of the War of Independence [*The Mark of the Rani*].The Third Doctor and Charlie Fisher are caught up in the Civil War battle here [*Backtime*, Countdown]. A fighting force from this period is captured by alien warmongers [*The War Games*]. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address of 19 November 1863 is watched by the TARDIS crew on the Time and Space Visualiser [*The Chase*].

Salem

The Doctor, Susan and friends are caught up in the infamous witch trials of 1692 [*The Witch Hunters*, BBC].

New York

1799: the Seventh Doctor has a sinister time in the New York State town of Woodwicke [*Christmas on a Rational Planet*, Virgin]. Tourist Morton Dill encounters the First Doctor, Ian, Barbara, Vicki and some time-travelling Daleks on the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building [*The Chase*]. The Second Doctor, John and Gillian battle revived dinosaurs here during the sixties [*The Monsters from the Past!*, TV Comic].The Quarks take control of the new housekeeping robot the Second Doctor and Jamie bring to this city in 1971 [*Martha the Mechanical Housemaid*, TV Comic]. The Doctor witnesses the shooting of John Lennon on 8 December 1980 [*The Left-Handed Hummingbird*, Virgin]. In 1985, the Sixth Doctor and Frobisher collect Peri from here after she has taken a break from the TARDIS [*Kane's Story*, Marvel]. The Doctor undermines the nefarious Butler Institute at the beginning of the 21st century [*Warhead*, Virgin]. Bernice Summerfield works undercover at the International Drug Enforcement Agency a few years later [*Warlock*, Virgin]. There is a T-Mat station in the city by the mid-21st century [*The Seeds of Death*]. The city is destroyed by the first landing of Dalek spacecraft during their great invasion of the 22nd Century [*The Dalek Invasion of Earth*].

Dallas

President Kennedy is assasinated on 22 November 1963 – an event influenced by the passing Nemesis comet [*Silver Nemesis*]. The Seventh Doctor is present [*Who Killed Kennedy*, Virgin].

Florida

The first US satellite is launched from Cape Canaveral in 1959. US agents Hawk and Weismuller track it after it crash lands in South Wales [*Delta and the Bannermen*].

The Caribbean

A space freighter carrying both Adric and Cyberman bombs crashes here during the Cretaceous period; the dust cloud following the explosion wipes out the dinosaurs [*Earthshock*]. The Eternals lift a pirate ship from here for their great race [*Enlightenment*]. Home of Jamaica, crewman of The Black Albatross – Captain Pike's pirate ship [*The Smugglers*]. Destination of rebellious Scots captured in 1746 by Solicitor Grey and sold into plantation work [*The Highlanders*]. The Doctor battles Nazis, zombies and an ancient evil on Haiti in August 1915 [*White Darkness*, Virgin].

The Claws of Axos

With origins in a seven-part story outline which featured the Second Doctor, galactic space battles and a giant carrot in Hyde Park, *The Claws of Axos* had a long and troubled gestation. Andrew Pixley tells the full story . . .

Having enticed the authorities inside their organic 'spaceship', the Axon Girl (Debbie Lee London) and the Axon Man (Bernard Holley) offer humanity an awesome gift . . .

BBC Video [4]

EPISODE ONE

While UNIT's security is being investigated by Ministry of Defence representative Mr Chinn, Washington agent Bill Filer arrives to research the threat posed by the Master. A UFO is detected by UNIT's radar, and Chinn takes control of operations from Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart, ordering an offensive salvo launched at the object. Vanishing, the UFO evades the missiles and lands on England's south coast, close to the Nuton National Power Complex. The first person to see the craft buried in the ground is an old tramp – who is dragged inside by a strange tendril and analysed. His body is soon ejected, a drained husk. Filer arrives and is also dragged inside, but he is held for further analysis.

The Doctor and Jo Grant accompany UNIT to the object and meet Nuton head Sir George Hardiman plus his head of research, Winser. A heartbeat is detected within the object, followed by an SOS message from 'Axos'. The Doctor, the Brigadier, Chinn, Hardiman and Winser venture inside the organic spaceship, where they encounter a family of golden humanoids. These Axons explain that their planetary system has been crippled by a solar flare; in return for the replenishment of certain nutrients they offer humankind Axonite, a 'thinking' molecule which could solve all food and energy shortages on Earth.

Jo sneaks on board Axos, where she hears Filer calling out; the American agent has discovered that his cellmate is the Master. Exploring further, Jo sees a hideous tentacled creature grow out of the wall before her . . .

EPISODE TWO

Hearing Jo's cries, the Doctor's party hurry to her aid and find her with one of the golden Axon men; the Axon man says that their power sources have caused her 'hallucination'. It is agreed that the Doctor and Winser can analyse a sample of Axonite, but already Chinn is attempting to gain the element exclusively for Britain. Emerging from Axos, the UNIT party find that Captain Harker of the regular army has taken control; the Brigadier and his men are placed under guard. The Doctor, suspicious of Axonite, believes that Jo did hear Filer's voice in Axos; reluctantly working with Winser in the main accelerator at Nuton, he requests to have his TARDIS brought down.

The Master and Filer make an abortive escape attempt; the Axons create a fake Filer which is sent to kill the Doctor. The Master has brought Axos to drain Earth's energy, but to achieve this Axonite must be spread across the world in 72 hours; in return for his captured TARDIS, the renegade Time Lord is released to hypnotise UNIT personnel, persuading them to send a message concerning Axonite to all the world powers. Filer manages to escape and arrives at the accelerator in time to save the Doctor from his double; the fake is thrown into Nuton's light accelerator and becomes a foaming mass of Axonite. Filer is confined with UNIT, and the Doctor works alone, aiming to accelerate Axonite through time and force it to analyse itself. A furious Winser enters only to be engulfed by the active Axonite sample which is using the reactor's energy to grow. UNIT break out in the chaos; Filer and Jo reach the Doctor in the lab just as a group of tentacled Axon monsters arrive . . .

EPISODE THREE

Filer is left concussed while the Axons take the Doctor and Jo back to Axos as prisoners; the Doctor learns of Axos' plans and is interrogated by Axos, which wants the secret of time travel. When Axos threatens to age Jo to death, the Time Lord provides the necessary energy equations. Axos realises that the energy needed to achieve time travel can be taken from the complex.

With the Axonite deal exposed, Chinn is ordered to organise the world distribution of Axonite. Disguised as the General bringing the Doctor's TARDIS to Nuton, the Master attempts to repair the Doctor's ship in a bid to escape the doomed Earth. Axos orders the Axon man supervising Axonite distribution alongside Chinn to 'depersonalise', becoming a tentacled monster – and enter the main reactor, thus transmitting power to Axos. As Hardiman reveals that the reactor is going critical, the Master is spotted stealing the light accelerator to repair the TARDIS. Captured by UNIT and Filer, the Master strikes a deal with them; in exchange for his freedom, he will prevent Nuton from becoming a massive nuclear bomb. He stores energy in the TARDIS, intending to channel it back at Axos – but the Brigadier points out that the Doctor and Jo are still inside Axos. "Either we destroy Axos, or Axos destroys the world. Which is it to be, Brigadier?" asks the Master, depressing the lever which will blast Axos with the energy stockpiled inside the TARDIS. Inside Axos, the escaping Doctor and Jo are caught in a massive convulsion . . .

Jo Grant (Katy Manning) with civil servant Chinn (Peter Bathurst)

EPISODE FOUR

The Doctor and Jo struggle through the electro-convulsion and escape Axos. Hardiman is killed while attempting to shut down the reactor. The Doctor and Jo arrive, and the Doctor explains that to defeat Axos he will need the Master's help – but once inside the TARDIS, he tells the Master that he has decided to abandon Earth to Axos if the Master can repair the TARDIS and help them both escape. Axos activates its 'nutrition cycle', and Axons attack Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton as they leave the spacedome. The Doctor tricks his friends into repairing the TARDIS with the reactor's trigger mechanism. As the Axons attack Nuton, the TARDIS dematerialises.

The Doctor pilots the TARDIS to Axos where he offers the parasite full time travel if they join forces to attack the Time Lords. The Doctor connects Axos to the TARDIS and dematerialises, causing Axos and the Axons to vanish from Earth. The Master realises that the Doctor's plan is to force Axos into an eternal time loop, and escapes in his own TARDIS. The Doctor manages to break free from the doomed Axos in the TARDIS, arriving at the evacuated Nuton – where the reactor is about to explode. Moments after the explosion, Jo and UNIT see the TARDIS materialise in the debris. The Time Lords have programmed the TARDIS to return to Earth; "It seems that I am some kind of a galactic yo-yo!" says the Doctor . . .

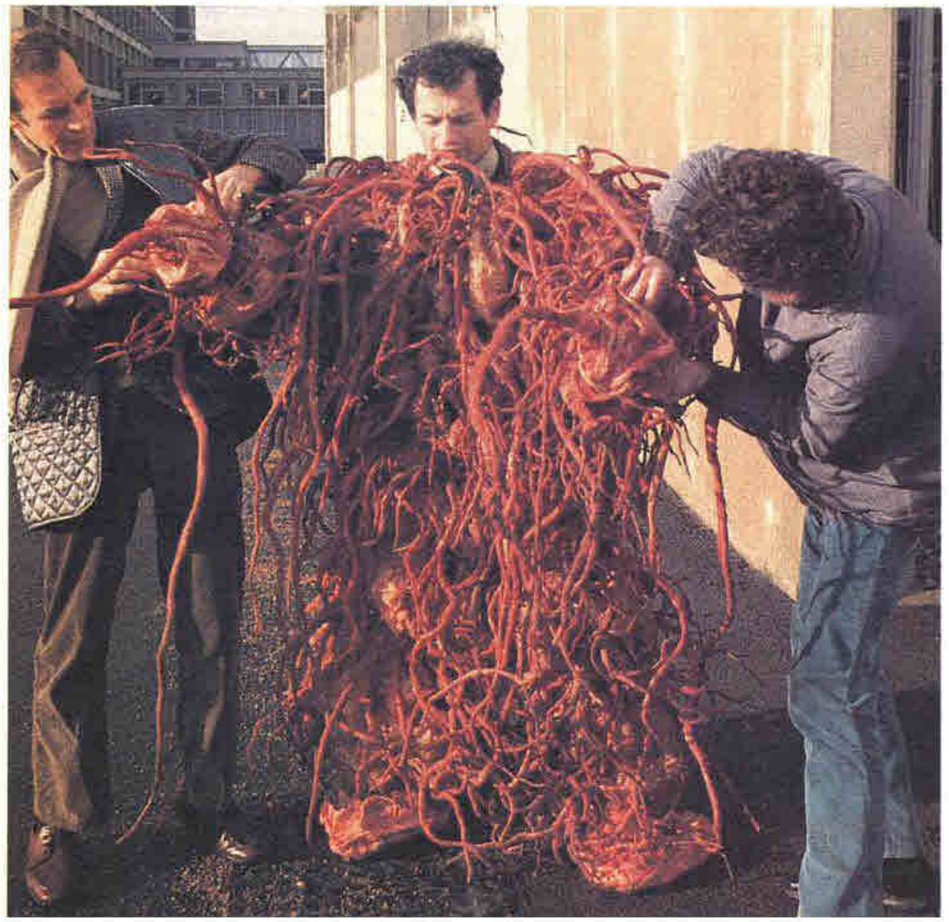
"Most inconvenient, actually . . ."

As Winser shows the Doctor around the Nuton cyclotron, the Doctor comments that he has an operating time travel set-up of his own.

WINSER You're trying to tell me you achieved time travel . . . and published nothing?
THE DOCTOR Er – in Britain, no.
WINSER Where then?
THE DOCTOR Elsewhere. Yes . . . elsewhere.
WINSER (*sarcastically*) And I suppose you can't remember?
THE DOCTOR Yes, as a matter of fact, that's the trouble. I can't.
WINSER How convenient.
THE DOCTOR Most inconvenient, actually.

From The Claws of Axos
Episode Two
by Bob Baker & Dave Martin

In Production . . . .



Late in 1968, writers Bob Baker and Dave Martin submitted a sitcom script to the BBC. Titled *A Man's Life*, it concerned a new army recruit and was based on the experiences of later TV chef Keith Floyd. Months later, the pair were phoned by BBC producer Derrick Sherwin who invited them to London. He and script editor Terrance Dicks had been impressed by the script, which had ended up on Dicks' desk; it was fast, funny and reminded them of their National Service. Baker and Martin were given a merry reception in the BBC bar by Sherwin, Dicks, producer Peter Bryant and assistant script editor Trevor Ray. After discussing the sitcom, Dicks told the astonished writers, "We do *Doctor Who*" – and asked them to deliver a potential storyline.

Although Baker and Martin had watched *Doctor Who*, they were unaware of the format changes then underway. Their initial storyline, *Doctor Who and the Gift* – written for Patrick Troughton's Doctor – was extremely long, with enough plot for a seven-part serial. The narrative started from Baker's notion of a massive pulsating space-brain shaped like a jellyfish which, able to project itself into any form, lands as a huge skull in Hyde Park one lunchtime; inside is a humanoid race which, although offering a wonderful gift, intends to destroy the Earth. The storyline included galactic battles and a cliffhanger in which a spaceship pilot (who was either strapped

WRITERS BOB BAKER & DAVE MARTIN

Dave Martin was born in Birmingham's Hansworth area and worked in hospitals, industry, and theatres. Turning 30, he quit advertising to write thriller novels with moderate success. Bristol-born Bob Baker learned stone masonry, studied painting and animation, edited a pop magazine and taught; he also performed as a jazz saxophonist. The two men met in 1967, when they pitched Baker's cartoon material to the BBC and formed a writing partnership. They penned a number of plays, and one – *Whistle For It* – was accepted by HTV. By the following year, they had sold two more plays and were hoping to write movie scripts.

> **"We wanted special effects and real-looking spaceships, but the BBC only had string and double-sided sellotape!"**
>
> **Dave Martin**

to or turning into a giant carrot) was to be seen crashing into Hyde Park.

Dicks commissioned the first of six scripts on Monday 1 December 1969 with a target delivery date of Friday 2 January 1970. The writers worked in Martin's barn; Baker concentrated on plot while Martin developed characters and jokes. The script was delivered on Monday 6 April – and was almost immediately rejected.

The impressive ideas in the storyline were felt to be disconnected, and new producer Barry Letts disliked the skull spaceship. The writers lacked the discipline of storytelling on a limited BBC budget; after giving them a great deal of advice, Dicks recommissioned a revised six-part storyline, *The Friendly Invasion*, that same day – 6 April – for delivery by Friday 8 May. The writers delivered exactly on deadline. This version seemed even longer but, twisting 'alien invasion' cliché by having the 'nice' aliens turn out to be evil, it pursued a concept which Letts favoured. Themes involving trade, greed and capitalism were worked in, but the narrative still contained too many ideas, forcing Dicks to another re-think. With the writers in Bristol, script conferences with Dicks took place by phone; Baker and Martin recorded their editor's advice by taping a microphone to the earpiece.

Redrafting further that summer, the so-called 'Bristol Boys' were asked to incorporate the Master, the Doctor's new Time Lord nemesis, into their narrative; Baker felt the villain fitted in badly. By this time, the story was called *The Axons*; the name of the monsters was derived from that given to nerve endings which convey messages from the brain.

Dicks commissioned a script for *The Axons* Episode One (of Four) on Friday 11 September with a target date of Monday 21 September; he responded to its delivery with detailed comments on Friday 9 October. The production office wanted to retitle the story *Vampire From Space* (which had the "right melodramatic *Dr Who* ring"). Because the script under-ran, Dicks enclosed scripts for the first episodes of *Terror of the Autons* and *The Mind of Evil* to indicate the quantity and layout required. Dicks wanted Filer used more, and clarification of the roles of Filer and Chinn (the latter was envisaged as either a 'Little Englander' or as a Parliamentary Head of Committee). He suggested that the alien Spacedome interior should be organic, almost woven (as opposed to looking manufactured) and that it should suck life from around it, killing nearby animals and vegetation. Considered too similar to events in *The Ambassadors of Death*, the planned revival of the Axon crew with isotopes was dropped – and the effect of Axonite was to be demonstrated on a six-foot rat. Dicks also pointed out that episodes were now recorded in pairs, so the writers should aim to keep the sets the same and allow for four minutes' film per episode (which was to be concentrated in Episodes One and Four). Dicks concluded by saying that *Vampire From Space* would be the third serial of the next season. With the director joining the production in the first week of November, Dicks needed a rewritten Episode One by Friday 16 October; the remaining three scripts were due within the next three weeks. With a new Episode One received, the next episode was commissioned on Sunday 18 October for delivery by Sunday 25 October. The final two instalments were commissioned on Thursday 29 October for delivery on Monday 9 November.

There were numerous differences between the rehearsal scripts for *Vampire From Space* and the transmitted serial. Episode One contained more dialogue between Chinn and Lethbridge Stewart in which Chinn remarks that the Brigadier treats UNIT like his private army. Pigbin Josh, the "whiskery old tramp" who finds the spacedome in the woods, was given scripted phonetic mutterings: "Furge-thangering muck-witchellers rock-throbblin' this time o'day. Ur bin oughta gone put thickery blarmdasted zoines about, gordangum, diddenum? Havver froggin' law onnum, shouldnum?" Josh's capture by Axos came when "a root-like tendril slithers out from under the dome, and lies still in Josh's path. He . . . walks over the root – which rears up and strikes at him wrapping itself round him like a snake . . . There is a crackle like static, and Josh goes limp." Inside Axos, there was to be: "Just a suggestion of the organic interior of the spacedome . . . a lumpy, shiny floor that occasionally pulsates with light . . . A soft sinister voice – to be instantly recognisable – whispers the results of the light-interrogation. Axos voice over whispering, sibilant." As Josh is absorbed, "cracks appear in his face as in dry mud". After scenes showing Filer in a "dark green American Ford travelling at speed along the motorway", the American arrives in a scorched area of quarry where he finds Josh's bike beside Axos. He sees a tendril emerge from the Spacedome and is still trying to determine its origin when UNIT arrives. Later, Filer emerges from hiding and is caught by the tendril. Following the arrival of Sir George Hardiman ("burly ex-RAF head of the complex") and Malcolm Winser ("a much younger man, head of Research and Development"; the character's Christian name was not used in the finished programme), the Brigadier announces that they are entering Axos. The soldiers stand by as the Doctor (referred to as "Doctor Who"

The Doctor (Jon Pertwee)

BBC Video [4] BBC [1]

SCRIPTING AXOS

Axos was referred to as a 'Spacedome': "a pulsating amoebic shape" with a "dully-shining entrance dome" which opened like "an iris rather than a simple sliding door . . . Stretching open like an anemone". Inside: "the whole feel of the spacedome is organic . . . pale circular corridors and recesses, uneven, veinous glistening slightly, like a series of caverns, or the inside of an artery". The Brain Area of Axos was: "the cerebellum of the spacedome [with] honeycomb walls of glowing light". As the 'magic eye' scans the UNIT party: "A retinal screen – a fish-eye lens monitor – shows a distorted image of the person". And the controlling core was described as: "the 'Eyeball'-stalk 'soul' of Axos – a slender column, surmounted by a veined swivelling globe. The 'Eye' area is golden, and the dilating pupil is black."

throughout) examines the bike. The Brigadier's troops were to open fire as the spacedome entrance opened, whereupon the Doctor was to sigh angrily. Jo slips through the spacedome's "iris door" while Benton shows Yates the corpse in the woods.

In the script, the Axon man claims that "all our worlds are totally – and permanently entropised" and demonstrates Axonite, "a dark knobbly spiral-shaped object on a low control plinth . . . it seems to glow different colours"; he explains how Axonite has sub-atomic particles which behave "in an ordered rather than a random fashion. They can be programmed and organised so that every molecule acts as a microcomputer which is, in turn, linked to every other molecule". Originally, a rat with "a light pencil with a coil of axonite visible inside" was to be used during the demonstration. After creating a six-foot toad, the creature shrunk to a dot on the floor.

Chinn's phoning the Minister in the script for Episode Two (delivered on Sunday 1 November) was rescripted "to give more 'power game' crackle urgency & wit to the exchange". Originally, where the Doctor's party emerge from Axos, they were to find UNIT surrounded by army troops; this was rewritten to take place in studio. Commenting on Josh's corpse, Jo says: "Must have been directly under the ship's landing blast area". The Doctor examines a root which he has picked up, but it crumbles to dust: "Desiccated, dehydrated. Burnt out from within. Like the body". They puzzle over the fact that Filer's car was not scorched. The Fake Filer was intended to breathe heavily, speak in a monotone and be immune to the Doctor's Venusian Karate; once forced into the cyclotron, it was to become "a mass of boiling axonite glob – which burns away to nothing".

The Master's TARDIS was described as a "plain white dome". On leaving Axos, the Master pretends to collapse and then blasts the army guard with his laser gun (from *Terror of the Autons*). The energy noise of the Axonite was emphasised ("the 'zizz' redoubles in strength") – and, at the episode's climax: "The axonite glob bursts the viewing section open and spills out into the lab . . . 'zizzing' . . . its pseudopodia run towards them . . . tendrils and glob mixed up together". The Doctor and Jo are confronted by: "three Axons – faces partly dissolved to glob . . . tendrilly hands reach out towards them . . ."

In Episode Three's script (delivered with Episode Four on Monday 9 November), the Axons surround the Axonite glob and it becomes a fourth Axon; the Doctor and Jo are stunned by a crackle of energy. There was an extended warning from the Axon man to Hardiman about Axonite going critical as a consequence of the Doctor's tampering. In Axos, Jo refers to the tendrils holding her as "slimy" (references to 'tendrils' are later revised to 'claws'), but the Doctor is fascinated to find himself inside the creature, commenting that this must be how Jonah felt inside the whale. Chinn accuses the absent Doctor of sabotage and suggests that Winser was killed trying to stop him. The Axons propose taking the stunned Filer to Axos for 'treatment', but the Brigadier stops them. Initially, the visiphone conversation between Chinn and the Minister contained comments on how: "the Soviets and Americans are holding a nuclear trigger to Britain's head . . . we face the threat of nuclear attack". Chinn claims that he'd warned that the Doctor was an alien saboteur. A scene in Hardiman's office, removed before rehearsals, featured the Brigadier arguing with Chinn over the message sent from UNIT HQ, warning that Axonite is a trap and saying that they need to speak to Filer when he recovers. Another redundant scene in Hardiman's office was removed; in this, the Brigadier demands to search Axos and the Axon agrees, whereupon the Brigadier instantly declines and goes to check on Filer. Originally, the Master was to be shown arriving in the UNIT lorry disguised as a general.

Costume fitting on location at the Dungeness Nuclear Power Station

There was more Axos/Doctor dialogue regarding how the Doctor would replace the Master and allow Axos to conquer the universe by means of space/time travel: "We shall become the entire universe. There will be nothing that is not Axos." As the Doctor thinks the equations, tendrils from the base of the 'eyeball' attached themselves to his temples ("it should look as if they have grown into his skull").

Chinn's survey of the global map included more dialogue concerning Aldermaston, Cambridge, Woomera and Houston; there was also to be additional film showing the Axon man 'depersonalising'. In the subsequent attack, two UNIT guards at the reactor doors are having a quick cigarette while pretending to examine the padlocks when: "Omigawd! The Axon is now absolutely terrifyingly lumpen and tendrilly". When the Master is captured, he uses the General's voice – and Benton realises that he was duped earlier.

The script of Episode Four indicated that the Doctor and Jo's escape through Axos should use CSO effects "similar to the 'trip' sequence in *2001*" (a reference to Stanley Kubrick's landmark 1968 movie); doors opened to reveal "a particularly foul depersonalising Axon reaching out

SCRIPTING THE AXONS

Baker and Martin introduced the humanoid Axons as: "a group of figures . . . revealed as the beautiful Axon 'family' . . . the Adman's dream 'Cola-Cola' family . . . The Axon Man has his arm protectively round the Axon Woman's shoulders and the two children stay close to their 'mother'. A rather emotional Victorian type-pose – despite their silvery spacesuits". They speak: "with difficulty at first, gradually getting used to the 'alien' tongue. Accent colourless mid-Atlantic". The Axon monster which appeared at Episode One's cliffhanger was described thus: "An Axon begins to 'grow' out from the wall. It passes through the various stages of Axon Monster as it starts to become human". There were references to the Monster's "tendrilly hand", and also the 'repersonalisation' process through which the Monster becomes a golden humanoid standing over Jo. Later, "The Axon Woman is reabsorbed into the living wall of Axonite", and when the Doctor analyses Axonite, the Axon man decomposes "clutching his face: a quick glimpse of a streaming boiling glob streak running down through his fingers".

EXPERIMENTAL SESSION

Shots of the three-foot Axos Spacedome model taken during the 22 December test session were: the red-lit Spacedome superimposed over a projector slide showing stars; zooming in on the model so it appeared to approach; the Spacedome prop heading towards a slide caption showing Earth; the Spacedome entering the time loop; and the model TARDIS escaping the Spacedome. Further experimentation included: testing yellow as a CSO trigger colour; blue coloured rice being dropped before the camera to give a mix between two different faces (for Jo's ageing and the Axon face changes); the use of back-projected blue light on a film screen; the projection of effects lights; testing CSO model set elements (including a moving membrane); a figure appearing to grow by means of CSO; colour and effectiveness of the Axon Monster costumes; the inflating Axon face mask; videodisk reverse shots of Axon tendrils; and the Golden Axon make-up.

jerkily for their faces . . . falling to the floor . . . where it becomes a shapeless lump". As the Doctor and Jo emerge from Axos, they see: "All the grass, weeds, shrubs, etc. are dead and dying – very much the 'blasted heath' look".

A TARDIS scene was cut before rehearsals: as the Master struggles to shut down the controls, he mutters "This is what you get for volunteering" – and emerges from the TARDIS to say that he has "no intention of becoming a martyr". After the Brigadier's abortive struggle to save Hardiman, "Hardiman (or his stuntman substitute) is blown several feet by the explosion". When the Master attempts to escape, Filer shoves his gun against the Master's head and, "in real 'Little Caeser' [*sic*] style", says: "One move and believe me I'll blow your head off". The subsequent scene in Hardiman's office was at first far longer: the Doctor discusses the power convulsion with the Master, and says that he may return the favour sometime.

It was indicated that Yates and Benton, carrying backpacks, climb a wooded slope to set up a camera to observe Axos; they connect the cables back to their Land Rover, which is hidden in a gully. The call signs 'Yankee' for Yates and 'Bravo' for the Brigadier were used; these were later changed to 'Trap One' and 'Greyhound' respectively. The TARDIS scene between the Master and Doctor was rewritten; originally, the Master suggests adapting another laser system to effect repairs ("New wine in old bottles" says the Doctor). Remarking that the real problem with the TARDIS was its navigational system, the Doctor claims: "I never really knew for certain where I was going to land . . . Or when, come to that." A control box scene in which the Brigadier shows the Doctor the camera images of the spacedome and the Doctor detects the Axonite recall order was removed. Chinn and the Brigadier plan a tactical nuclear strike, but the Doctor points out that Axos feeds on energy: "You can't kill a vulture by feeding it meat." Another major excision was a teleprinter message from UNIT HQ Washington: "PLANE CARRYING AXONITE CRASHED WASHINGTON THIS A.M. SUBSEQUENT EXPLOSION DESTROYED PENTAGON . . . REQUEST IMMEDIA . . . ZFB . . . ZFB . . . FB . . ." (the R/T operator explains that ZFB means 'fading badly'). As disasters begin across the world, the Doctor makes a paper aeroplane out of one of Chinn's papers, says "It's a matter of time" – and flies the plane in a loop.

For the woodland battle with the Axons, it was indicated that UNIT's machine gun fire should have no effect on the Axons: "if possible reverse film shots of bullets hitting Axons (so that the bullet holes close up)". After the Doctor strikes his deal with Axos, a mass of tendrils grow over his TARDIS, and two Axon guards accompany the Time Lords into the ship. When the Master flees, the Doctor sends the guards out after him, and the 'eyeball' appears on the visiscreen. When the complex explodes, and it is believed that the Doctor is lost, Chinn grudgingly agrees to mention the Doctor in his report. He then slips, twisting his ankle in the rubble; the Brigadier watches on, disgusted. In the final scene, the Doctor again flies his paper plane to illustrate the time loop.

The scripts were delivered as the crew were appointed in late autumn. In charge was BBC staff director Michael Ferguson, who had previously directed *The War Machines*, *The Seeds of Death* and *The Ambassadors of Death*; since the latter, he had worked on *Paul Temple*. Designer Kenneth Sharp had previously worked on *The Macra Terror* and visual effects were supervised by *Spearhead From Space*'s John Horton. Costume designer Barbara Lane joined the series for the first time, whereas Jan Harrison continued her run as make-up supervisor for the season.

During the casting process, Fernanda Marlowe was contracted to play 'UNIT Corporal' in Episode One on Tuesday 15 December, replacing the role of 'UNIT R/T Man' and giving direct continuity to *The Mind of Evil*, in which she had played Corporal Bell.

> **"The Axons' eyes were ping-pong balls that kept popping out, and those tentacle things kept getting hold of my bottom!"**
>
> **Katy Manning**

As with *The Ambassadors of Death*, an experimental studio session was conducted at Ferguson's request for "Serial GGG" in Studio TC7 on Tuesday 22 December to "examine a number of electronic and mechanical visual effects . . . see on camera the special costumes and make up effects . . . record a sequence of model shots involving CSO". This was to try out Sharp's plans to blend sets with CSO foregrounds and to testing second phase CSO with the key colour yellow instead of blue in an attempt to overcome the 'fringing' problem. Pulsating light projection 'Crab Nebulae' effects used on *Top of the Pops* were tested alongside techniques using video-disc and front and back projection. After afternoon rehearsals, the test was recorded between 7.00 and 8.30pm; the model for make-up and costume tests was Clinton Morris and the Axon costumes were supplied by Jules Baker of Events Suits. At this stage, Letts was unhappy with the Axon outfits.

Location shooting on 16mm film for *The Vampire from Space* [*sic*] got underway at Dungeness in Kent on Monday 4 January 1971.

BBC Video [3]

Axon attack!

Filming on the Dengemarsh Road near Lydd began at mid-day; sequences shot on this first day showed stuntman Derek Ware (who had worked on the show since its first serial) as Pigbin Josh both on a rubbish tip and riding his bike into a ditch, and Paul Grist, playing Filer, driving his car past Dengemarsh Farm. It seems that this last scene was later re-staged in studio with blue backdrops outside the car onto which a CSO background could later be keyed in if required. Snowy weather conditions plagued Ferguson's crew, and Ware performed his stunt fall into freezing water twice.

Tuesday 5 January was spent alongside the Lydd-Dungeness Road; it was frosty, and the pebbles on the beach around Axos' landing site were frozen together. The day's filming called for the use of several special vehicles – including the BBC Outside Broadcast Unit MCR23, which was dressed as Mobile UNIT HQ. To flesh out the UNIT presence, an Army Land Rover with mounted wombat gun was provided by Risborough Barracks at Shorncliffe, alongside ten Army men.

The regular cast – Jon Pertwee (who had just returned from a Christmas break in Ibiza), Katy Manning, Nicholas Courtney, Richard Franklin and John Levene – were joined by guest artists Donald Hewlett, Peter Bathurst and David Savile. Hewlett, an old Naval friend of Pertwee's, later starred in sitcoms such as *It Ain't Half Hot Mum*; Bathurst had previously played Hensell in *The Power of the Daleks* whereas Savile, who later starred in *Warship*, had been Lt Carstairs in *The War Games*.

Sequences shot for Episode One were those showing Josh by the boats, plus all those set outside the Spacedome. The design team provided the Axos entrance; made from foam and latex on a chicken wire frame, it opened in sections, and a wire-operated tendril could emerge from inside. A wax model of Ware's face was created for the scene in which Josh's corpse decomposes. Conditions were so cold that special make-up had to be applied to Manning to make her look warm; it transpired that her Biba boots were so thin she almost suffered frostbite. Between breaks, the crew huddled around the open vehicle bonnets to warm themselves from the running engines.

The crew resumed shooting at the same venue on Wednesday 6, by which time mild fog was present instead of snow. Roger Delgado joined the cast with filming for the Spacedome scenes in Episodes Two and Four. For the scene in which the Master attacks the army soldier, stuntman Stuart Fell was rigged with a smoke charge to show the effect of the laser gun. It had been intended to shoot the Spacedome vanishing on location, but this was later staged as a model shot; other scenes were shortened due to both the lack of location light and slow performances from the frozen cast. A photocall was held at the entrance to Axos.

Fog gave way to rain on Thursday 7, when the crew moved to the army training ground St Martin's Plain Camp at Shorncliffe near Folkestone. This was the venue for action sequences arranged by film cameraman AA Englander featuring Ware and his HAVOC stunt team. The first scene filmed was the Master jumping onto a moving lorry; here, Jack Cooper doubled for Delgado. The main sequence was the Episode Four battle between Yates, Benton and four Axons during which a Land Rover was blown up and a prop tree was arranged to fall on cue when hit by an Axon tentacle; again, close-ups in the Land Rover were later re-filmed with a blue backdrop in studio.

The sun emerged on Friday 8 for filming at the Dungeness Nuclear Power Station, which doubled up as the Nuton Power Complex. The first sequence filmed was the arrival of the TARDIS in Episode Three, following which Ware arranged the action sequence in which an Axon, played by Fell, attacks UNIT soldiers played by other HAVOC stuntmen; flash charges were again used to show the troops' demise. The final sequence, filmed in the afternoon, was the evacuation and the return of the TARDIS in Episode Four. A photocall featuring Pertwee, Delgado, the TARDIS and the Axon monster was also held here.

A small amount of model filming was undertaken. Shots included those showing the radar station in Episode One and numerous sequences for Episode Four, such as Axos rising from the ground and the two-dimensional photo model of Nuton exploding as seen through the Brigadier's binoculars.

Rehearsals for Episodes One and Two at the BBC Acton Rehearsal Rooms began on Monday 11 January; Ferguson's concern over the extreme weather conditions on location led to Corporal Bell's additional dialogue reporting "freak weather conditions" at the Axos landing site. Joining the cast was Bernard Holley as the Axon man; Holley had previously played Haydon in *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and featured as PC Newcombe in *Z Cars*. John Hicks, the Axon boy, had previously been a Quark in *The Dominators*.

The Vampire From Space began recording in TC3 over Saturday 22 and Sunday 23 January. The Saturday taping ran from 8.30 to 10pm and comprised material for both episodes. First Episode One was taped in order, omitting all Axos scenes, focusing instead on material set both at UNIT HQ and inside the mobile HQ. UNIT HQ was as seen in *The Mind of Evil*, and incorporated three monochrome monitors – which were stolen over lunchtime and had to be replaced. Some of these showed the missile attack (this being 56 feet of stock 16mm film acquired from the British Aircraft Corporation). During these recordings, the Axos Voice was played in from pre-recorded tape and film transfers were performed (with the full demise of Josh's corpse intact). After this, Episode Two scenes set in the Mobile HQ, back at UNIT HQ and inside the lorry cab were recorded.

Taping between 7.30 and 10pm the following day was preceded by a photocall for the different versions of the Axons. Firstly, the scenes in Axos were recorded; this group of large connected sets were very flimsy, constructed from foam, plastic and latex rubber with blue CSO background/foreground models and coloured lights. Sharp, who had conceived the sets to pulse like the interior of

COSTUME THE AXONS

Jules Baker of Events Suits provided the Axon monster outfits. The main one used on location was a fully tentacled suit with heavy latex rubber tendrils and foam placed on a chamois leather body suit; one main tentacle could be manipulated on wire. Another costume was less tentacled and two more were Axon 'globs' which had styrofoam padding over a body suit. The 'Rolling Axon Glob' featured in Episode Two's climax was effectively a painted sack. All the costumes were suffocating in studio, and extra walk-ons were contracted to wear them for short periods. The Golden Axons were achieved by using gold greasepaint on the actors' faces and hands. Gold wigs and forehead/eye appliances were added; the artiste saw through pinholes in the eyeballs. The cast wore painted gold body-stockings after an idea to CSO an oil-based fluid pattern over yellow bodystockings had been rejected. The first time that Bernard Holley walked onto the set in costume, he wore his *Z Cars* police cap as a joke.

Jon Pertwee, an Axon Monster and Master Roger Delgado enjoy a little horseplay at a Dungeness photocall

> **"In studio the sets looked really tacky, but when they finished treating the picture they looked like a million dollars!"**
>
> **John Levene**

a giant brain, was inspired by the 1966 movie *Fantastic Voyage*, which featured miniaturised scientists roaming around inside a man's bloodstream.

Recording began with the Spacedome Cell scenes. The 'Crab Nebulae' light patterns were superimposed over shots of Josh and Filer being analysed; rapid videodisk intercuts were added, and both actors were held by tendrils operated by stagehands beneath the raised set. Four shots were then edited in from the experimental session tape; these included an Axon monster inside Axos, plus CSO shots of Axos in space. Letts had hoped that the technique of placing spaceships over CSO backgrounds would be effective enough to save money on filmed models, but was disappointed by the result and it was not used again.

The remaining Episode One Axos scenes were recorded next, with the exception of the cliffhanger. A distorted lens was used to suggest the mental attack on the Doctor, plus a multi-lens point-of-view shot of the Brigadier. Roll-back-and-mix was used to give the illusion of the Axons' appearing from behind the vanishing wall. CSO was also used to make the frog appear to grow larger and smaller.

With Episode One almost complete, the Axos scenes for Episode Two were recorded, bar effects shots. Effects were undertaken together, and included: Jo seeing the Axon appear (by means of the blue CSO mix); the Axon woman 'depersonalising'; Filer's duplication; the back-projection scenes of the Brain Area; and superimposed shots of the Axons staggering about when the Doctor activates the Axonite. With the Axos material complete, recording of the Nuton Complex scenes for Episode Two began with the CSO shot placing Winser's Lab within a glass painting of the cyclotron. However, the complex effects meant that only the first two Nuton scenes were recorded before the ten o'clock deadline; the remaining material would have to be remounted.

During rehearsals for the final studio session, Letts changed the serial's title from *The Vampire From Space* (which he felt invited Hammer horror comparisons) to *The Claws of Axos*; the opening titles to Episodes One and Two, therefore, needed re-recording. However, numerous publicity items had been issued bearing the original title, and the Frank Bellamy comic art for *Radio Times* which introduced the subsequent serial *Colony in Space* used the *Vampire* title.

The second studio spanned Friday 5 and Saturday 6 February in TC4; Rhian Davies took over from Jan Harrison as make-up supervisor. Recording on the first day ran between 8.30 and 10pm and, after a re-recording of the Episode One cliffhanger, was fundamentally a scene-by-scene performance of Episode Three from the second scene onwards. For the scenes in which the Doctor talks to Axos, the head of the Axon man turning was superimposed by mixing two camera shots from slightly different angles. CSO was used for the screen via which Chinn talked to the Minister, and Delgado wore a latex mask when disguised as a General.

For the Axos interrogation, patterns were superimposed over an image of the Doctor and intercut with flashes of pink; back projection showed the time equations on the screen. When the Axon man 'depersonalised', a Golden Axon artiste put on a 'globby' Axon monster mask and gloves; a full 'globby' monster was used next. As Axos' power built up, a red oscilloscope trace was shown and the camera rocked and twisted to show the chaos in Axos. During recording, Delgado became concerned when it appeared that the props man had lost the key to the handcuffs he was wearing.

With Episode Three completed, a number of inserts were shot. These included: a short TARDIS scene with Hardiman on the CSO screen; the 'blue rice' CSO mix between Manning and older actress Mildred Brown for the ageing of Jo (recorded as a videodisk replay); and the final shot of Jo and the Doctor. The crew then remounted the remaining scenes of Episode Two through to the first scene of Episode Three. Ware supervised the Fake Filer fight and doubled for Grist; the BBC's foam machine and a superimposed spark generator contributed to the replica's demise. When Filer is overpowered at the start of Episode Three, a videodisk was used for the shot of the Axon tendril striking him.

Recording of *The Claws of Axos* concluded on Saturday 6 with a 7.30 to 10pm session. This began with all the scenes in the Nuton Complex; a helmeted Jack Cooper doubled for Hewlett in Hardiman's death fall, a monochrome monitor showed model film of Axos, roll-back-and-mix was used for the disappearances of both the Doctor and Master's TARDISes (the latter looking like a plain white box), a polystyrene lab door melted as the Axons broke in, a blue spark was superimposed over the light accelerator and the Axons 'vanished' using CSO. Parts of the set were rigged to collapse and, for the final scene, part of the office wall was removed to imply the building's devastation. All the Axos scenes were recorded at the end of the evening; the heads of Golden Axons were superimposed over the Doctor and Jo's escape sequence.

Episodes One and Two over-ran their 25-minute limits and required editing. Episode One's opening scene, featuring two radar technicians,

SET DESIGN THE TARDIS

The TARDIS interior was re-designed for its first colour appearance: Kenneth Sharp rebuilt the damaged central console. The new panels were more hi-tech versions of those developed for the remounted pilot episode, while the column was refurbished with neon tubes. Jon Pertwee set his precedent for activating the TARDIS by using three levels on Panel 1 simultaneously. The existing walls comprising indented roundels were fitted with a blue CSO disc to act as a scanner and a small computer bank was added beneath this. Outside the ship's doors were the old photographic blow-up walls, suggesting that the control room doors no longer directly led outside. Sharp retained the tall wooden chair used since the first episode and added an Eagle lectern to this.

BBC Video [1] BBC [1] The Frame [1]

DIRECTOR MICHAEL FERGUSON

The Claws of Axos was the final *Doctor Who* serial to be directed by Michael Ferguson, whose successful television career continues. Subsequent work as a director included *Hadleigh*, *Colditz*, *Quiller*, *Nobody's House* and *Flambards*. In 1978, he became a producer for Yorkshire Television on *The Sandbaggers*, *Airline* and *The Glory Boys* before moving to Thames to supervise *The Bill*. He returned to the BBC as executive producer on *EastEnders*; he has also enjoyed a stint producing *Casualty*.

was trimmed to remove one of the two checking a list of comets ("Comus-Sola due 1969 . . . Pons Winnecke 1970, Encke '71 . . . Westphal, '75 . . ."). A short scene in which Jo bumps into Filer for the first time was cut (partially due to sound problems), and a sequence in the Brigadier's office in which Chinn demands that since the Doctor does not officially exist he must be suspended from duty was removed. The collapse of Josh's corpse was flared to a whiteout as the original effect was considered too grotesque, and two short scenes of Jo exploring Axos were removed. One of the Axonite discussion scenes was heavily trimmed to remove the Doctor advocating that Earth should develop on its own, whereupon Chinn orders the Brigadier to silence the Doctor, whom he believes to be hindering government negotiations.

Episode Two was heavily cut. Chinn's telephoning the Minister lost a remark about Chinn's reputation and future career being "the least important matter at stake". The start of the next Axos scene – in which the Axon offers to show Jo around, and the Doctor assures Jo that she was hallucinating – was cut. (The Doctor, who is more concerned about the Axonite deal, comments: "Beware Greeks bearing gifts.") The end of the scene lost the Doctor attempting to keep the Axonite away from Chinn while talking to Winser about his light accelerator. There was more dialogue in the cell between the Master and Filer: the Master confirms that the Axons are universal scavengers who do not have a home planet – a fact which Filer later refers to in the broadcast version – and says that he was captured off Antares Four. A complete scene in Axos was then cut: in this, the Doctor suggests experimenting alongside Winser and Jo attempts to warn the Brigadier about the Doctor's interest in time travel – but Lethbridge-Stewart's mind is on Chinn. The end of the scene in the Mobile HQ where the Doctor leaves with Winser was removed; here, Jo believes that the Doctor has changed sides, to which the Doctor comments: "A matter of loyalties . . . mine must be to science". The end of the first scene in Winser's lab lost the Doctor suggesting that the scientists cannibalise parts of the TARDIS. A scene in the corridor outside Hardiman's office was cut; in this, the Doctor argues with a corporal about seeing the Brigadier as Harker arrives. Filer gains access by saying that he is a CIA interrogation officer sent to question UNIT, but after the Doctor and Filer enter Harker goes to check with Chinn. Also excised was a 'flaring out' of the shot of Winser's face decomposing. The only cut to Episode Three was the end of one scene between the Doctor and Axos in which the voice proclaims, "Axos will live forever, the supreme life-force" – to which the Doctor counters, "A cosmic parasite." Episode Four was left uncut and slightly over-ran its 25-minute maximum.

Incidental music for the serial was composed by Dudley Simpson and realised using the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. 47 minutes' worth was composed in total, with Simpson re-using his *Master Theme* from *Terror of the Autons*. In 1972, Brian Hodgson left the Workshop, established Electronic Music Studio, and issued a demonstration record *Sounds From . . . EMS* featuring Simpson's *The Axons Approach* and a flexidisc with the same band titled *Axon Attack*. Elements of the score featured in Simpson's *The Worlds of Doctor Who*, the B-side to his BBC single of the theme to *Moonbase 3* in October 1973.

Episode One of *The Claws of Axos* was promoted with a small item about Bernard Holley in the *Radio Times* 'People' section, plus two photographs alongside the programme listing showing the Doctor, Jo and Axos. Episode Four gained a small item in the 'Preview' section under the title *Who on earth . . . ?* which speculated on a possible end to the Doctor's exile. The viewing figures maintained the series' standards well; the show was opposed by episodes of *UFO* in regions such as ATV (repeats) and Southern (first run) while other areas showed the documentary *Survival* (LWT) or westerns such as *Bonanza* (Granada) or *Gunsmoke* (Yorkshire).

The Claws of Axos was first due to be novelised in May 1974, but Dicks' *Doctor Who and the Claws of Axos* would not be published until April 1977; it was issued simultaneously in hardback by Allan Wingate and in paperback by Target with a cover painting by Chris Achilleos. The paperback was reprinted with a new cover by John Geary in April 1979. It was paired with Dicks' adaptation of *The Mind of Evil* as one of Star Books' *Doctor Who Classics*, issued in March 1989.

The BBC Archives retained Episodes One and Four, plus the unedited first evening's recording (some of which featured in the 1994 BBC video release *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS*). The serial was sold abroad as both 16mm monochrome film recordings and as colour videotapes in both 625- and 525-line standards. Australia's ABC received the serial in September 1971 and screened it in May 1972. Time-Life marketed it to the USA in 1972 (where it was shown until 1976); it was also purchased by Hong Kong, Singapore and Gibraltar around this time. TV Ontario in Canada broadcast it in early 1977, and returned the 525-line tapes of the whole story to the BBC in the early eighties. The serial was re-marketed in the mid-eighties; New Zealand transmitted it in September 1985, ABC in April/May 1986 and in North America it also airs as a TV Movie of one hour 31 minutes' duration. The serial was issued by BBC Video in May 1992 with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. UK Gold have transmitted *The Claws of Axos* in episodic and compilation form in both March/April 1993 and April 1995. BBC Prime screened it in September/October 1995. DWM

SERIAL GGG THE CLAWS OF AXOS

CAST **Jon Pertwee** *Doctor Who* with **Michael Walker** *1st Radar Operator* [1-2], **David G March** *2nd Radar Operator* [1-2], **Peter Bathurst** *Chinn*, **Nicholas Courtney** *Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart*, **Katy Manning** *Jo Grant*, **Paul Grist** *Filer*, **Richard Franklin** *Captain Mike Yates*, **John Levene** *Sergeant Benton*, **Fernanda Marlowe** *Corporal Bell* [1], **Derek Ware** *Pigbin Josh* [1], **Donald Hewlett** *Hardiman*, **David Savile** *Winser* [1-2], **Roger Delgado** *The Master*, **Bernard Holley** *Axon Man*, **Patricia Gordino** *Axon Woman* [1-2], **John Hicks** *Axon Boy* [1], **Debbie Lee London** *Axon Girl* [1], **Tim Piggot-Smith** *Captain Harker* [2-3], **Kenneth Benda** *The Minister* [2-3], **Nick Hobbs** *Nuton Driver* [2]*, **Royston Farrell** *Technician* [4].

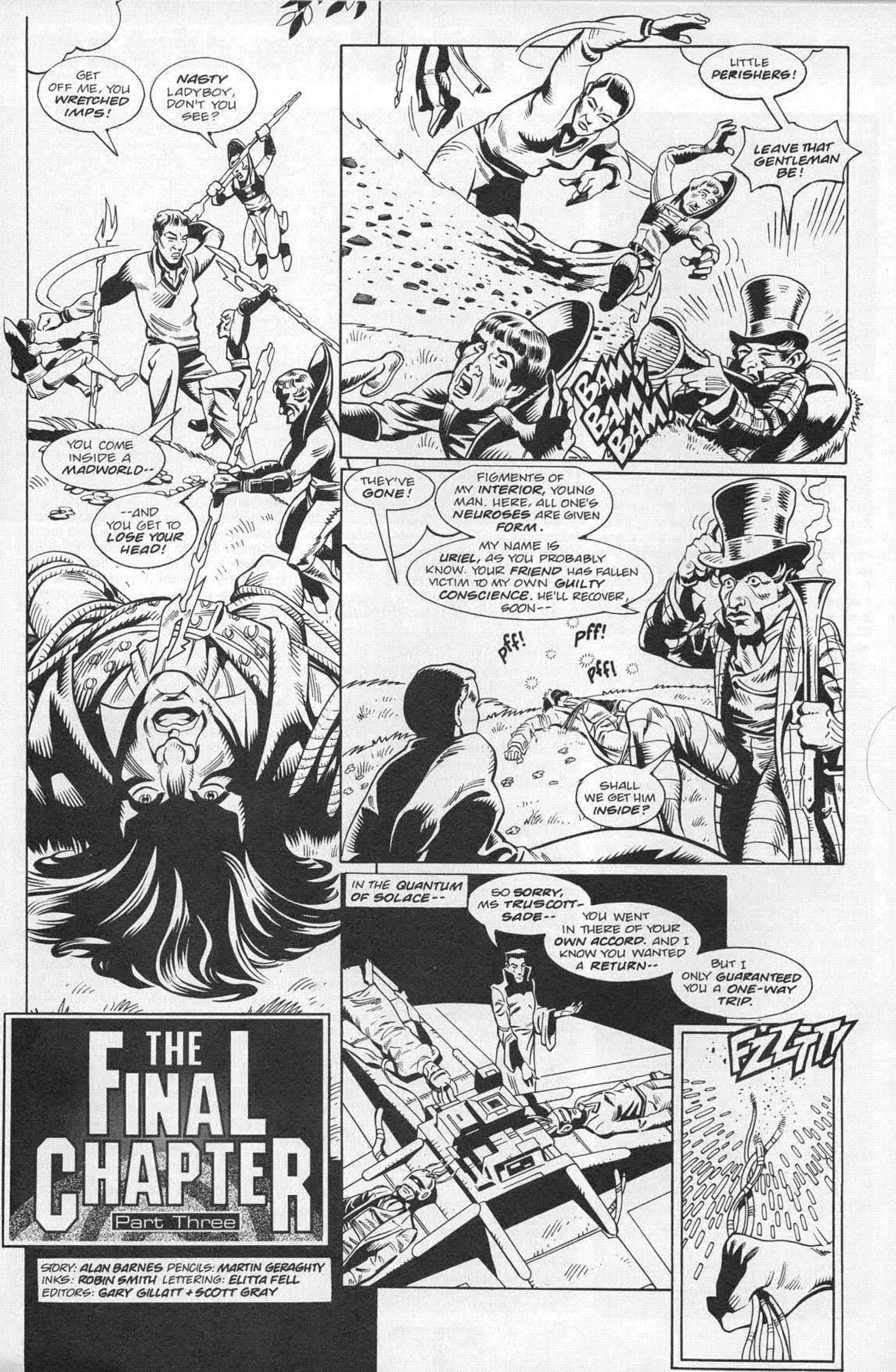
*No on-screen credit

EXTRAS **Gloria Walker** *Secretary*; **Pierce McAvoy**, **George Howse** *Civil Servants*; **Roy Brent**, **Bill Hughes** *UNIT Soldiers*; **Stuart Fell**, **Steve Emerson**, **Derek Martin**, **Jack Cooper**, **Reg Harding** *Stuntmen/UNIT Soldiers*; **Roger Minnis** *2nd Axon Man*; **Geoff Righty** *Humanoid Axon*; **Nick Hobbs** *Stunt Double for Axon Man*; **Sue Crossland** *Stunt Double for Axon Woman*; **Bill Barnsley**, **Paul Phillips**, **Peter Holmes** *Laboratory Technicians*; **Jack Cooper** *Stunt Double for The Master*; **Derek Ware** *Stunt Double for Filer*; **Steve Smart**, **Pierce McAvoy**, **George Howse** *Regular Army Soldiers*; **Eden Fox**, **Stuart Myers** *Rolling Axon Globs*; **Douglas Roe**, **Clinton Morris** *Globby Axons*; **Douglas Roe**, **Clive Roger** *Axon Globs*; **Peter Holmes**, **Steve Smart** *Axon Monsters*; **Steve King**, **David Aldridge** *Humanoid Axon Men*; **Clinton Morris** *Corporal*; **Victor Croxford** *Laboratory Technician*; **Gloria Walker** *Nurse*; **Douglas Roe**, **Clive Roger**, **Pierce McAvoy**, **Michael Stainer** *UNIT Soldiers*; **Stuart Fell** *Stuntman/Axon Monster*; **Derek Martin** *Stuntman/Corporal*; **Steve Emmerson**, **Jack Cooper**, **Reg Harding**, **Nick Hobbs** *Stuntmen/Army Soldiers*; **Mildred Brown** *Double for Jo Grant (old)*; **Brian Gilmar**, **Emett Hennessy**, **Bob Blaine**, **Brian Justice** *Stuntmen/UNIT Soldiers (inc McDougall, Parker)*; **Jack Cooper** *Stunt Double for Hardiman*; **Clinton Morris**, **Mark Boyle**, **Jack Cooper** *Axon Monsters*; **Reg Harding**, **Derek Martin**, **Steve Emerson**, **Nick Hobbs**, **Stuart Fell** *Stuntmen/Axon Monsters/Doubles for Captain Mike Yates and Sergeant Benton*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Bob Baker & Dave Martin**. *Title Music by* **Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental Music* **Dudley Simpson**. *Special Sound* **Brian Hodgson and BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Action by* **HAVOC**. *Film Cameraman* **AA Englander**. *Film Editor* **Bob Rymer**. *Visual Effects Designer* **John Horton**. *Costumes* **Barbara Lane**. *Make Up* **Jan Harrison** [1-2], **Rhian Davies** [3-4]. *Lighting* **Ralph Walton**. *Sound* **Dave Kitchen**. *Script Editor* **Terrance Dicks**. *Designer* **Kenneth Sharp**. *Producer* **Barry Letts**. *Directed by* **Michael Ferguson**.

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

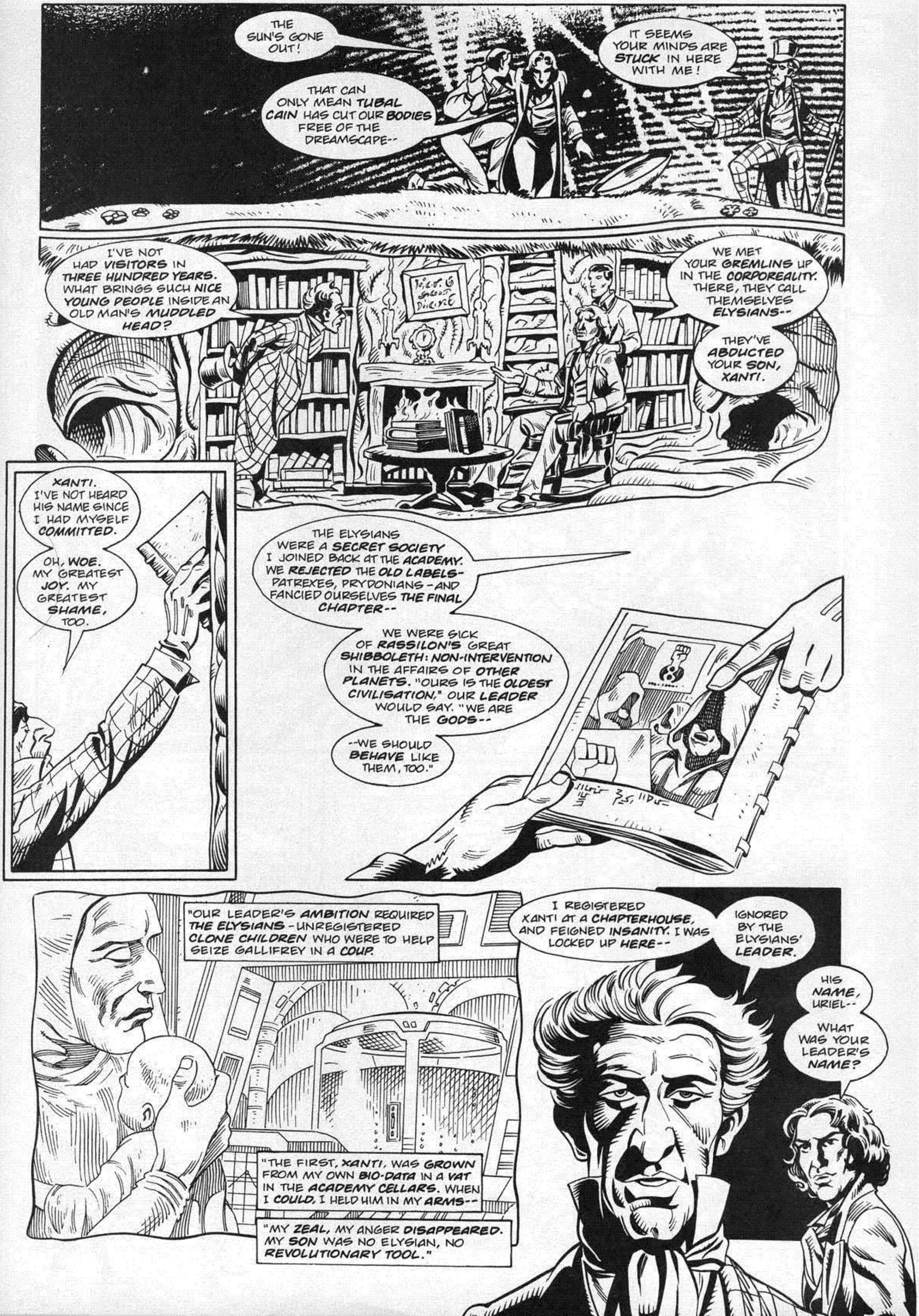
Episode	Transmitted	Time	Drn.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
Episode One	13 March 1971	5.15-5.40pm	23'51"	7.3M (57th)	–
Episode Two	20 March 1971	5.15-5.40pm	24'00"	8.0M (43rd)	–
Episode Three	27 March 1971	5.15-5.40pm	24'05"	6.4M (70th)	–
Episode Four	3 April 1971	5.15-5.40pm	25'19"	7.8M (49th)	–

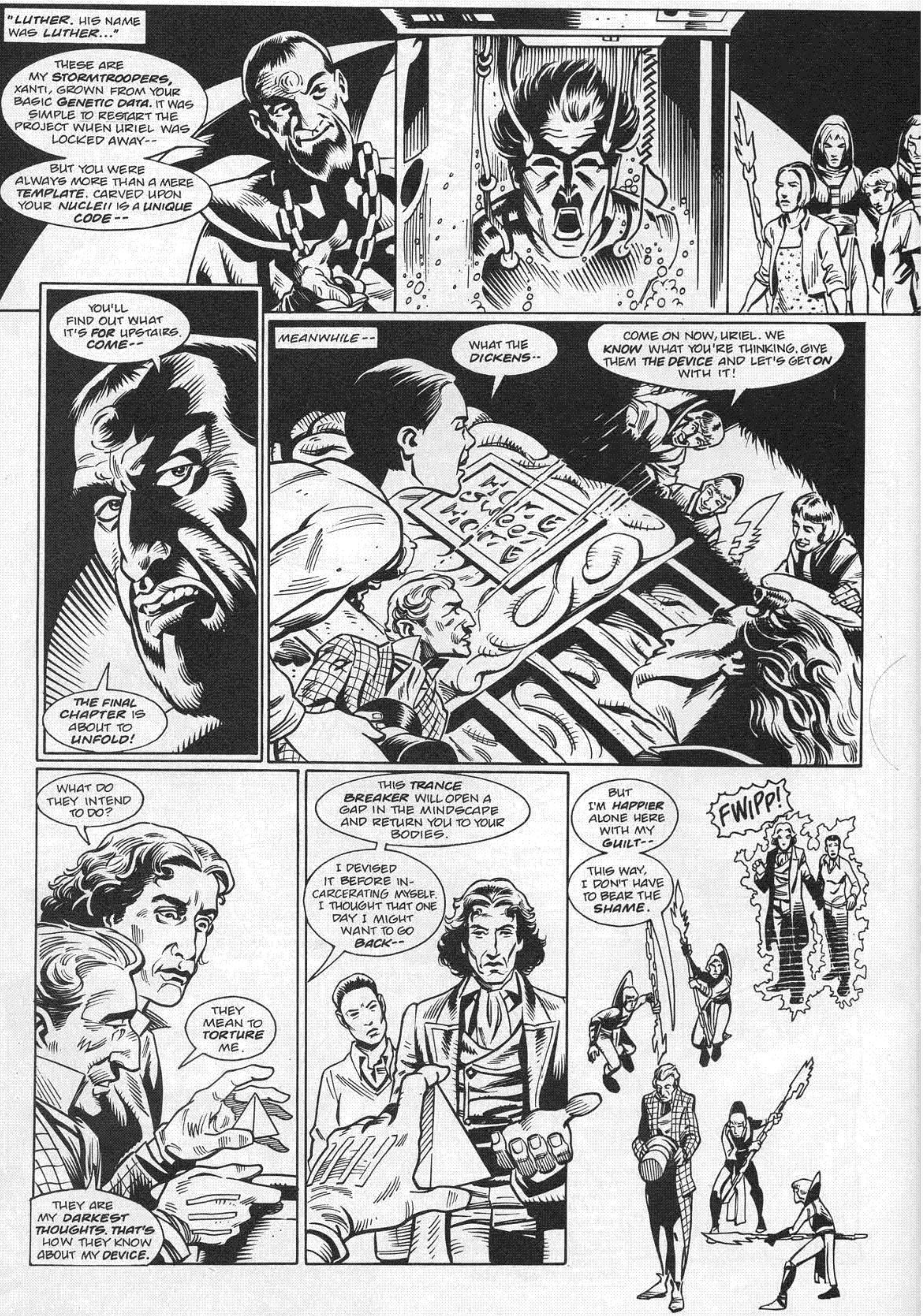

GET OFF ME, YOU WRETCHED IMPS!
NASTY LADYBOY, DON'T YOU SEE?
YOU COME INSIDE A MADWORLD--
--AND YOU GET TO LOSE YOUR HEAD!
LITTLE PERISHERS!
LEAVE THAT GENTLEMAN BE!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
THEY'VE GONE!
FIGMENTS OF MY INTERIOR, YOUNG MAN. HERE, ALL ONE'S NEUROSES ARE GIVEN FORM.
MY NAME IS URIEL, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW. YOUR FRIEND HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO MY OWN GUILTY CONSCIENCE. HE'LL RECOVER, SOON--
pff!
pff!
pff!
SHALL WE GET HIM INSIDE?
IN THE QUANTUM OF SOLACE--
SO SORRY, MS TRUSCOTT-SADE--
YOU WENT IN THERE OF YOUR OWN ACCORD. AND I KNOW YOU WANTED A RETURN--
BUT I ONLY GUARANTEED YOU A ONE-WAY TRIP.
FZZT!

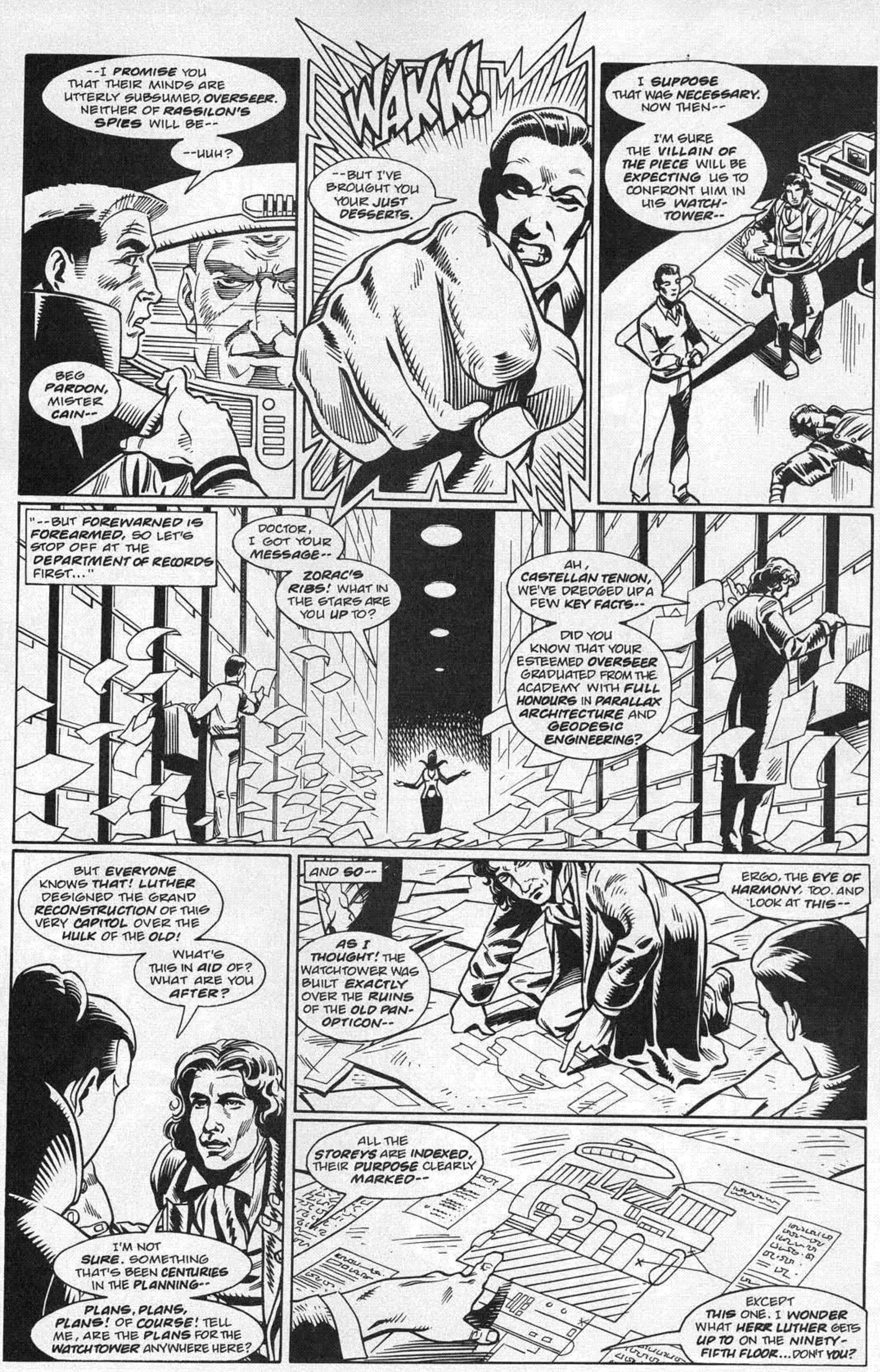
THE FINAL CHAPTER

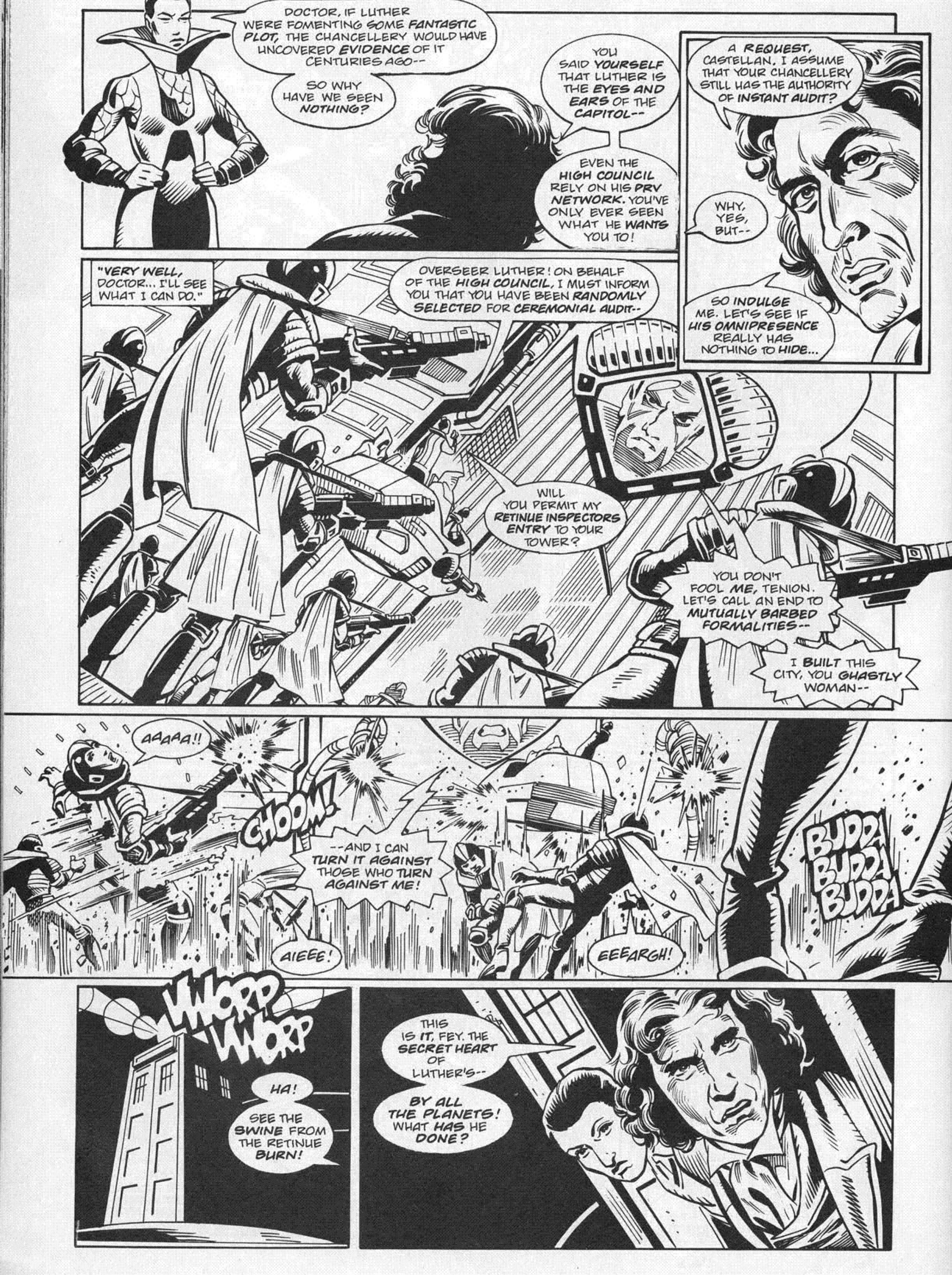
Part Three

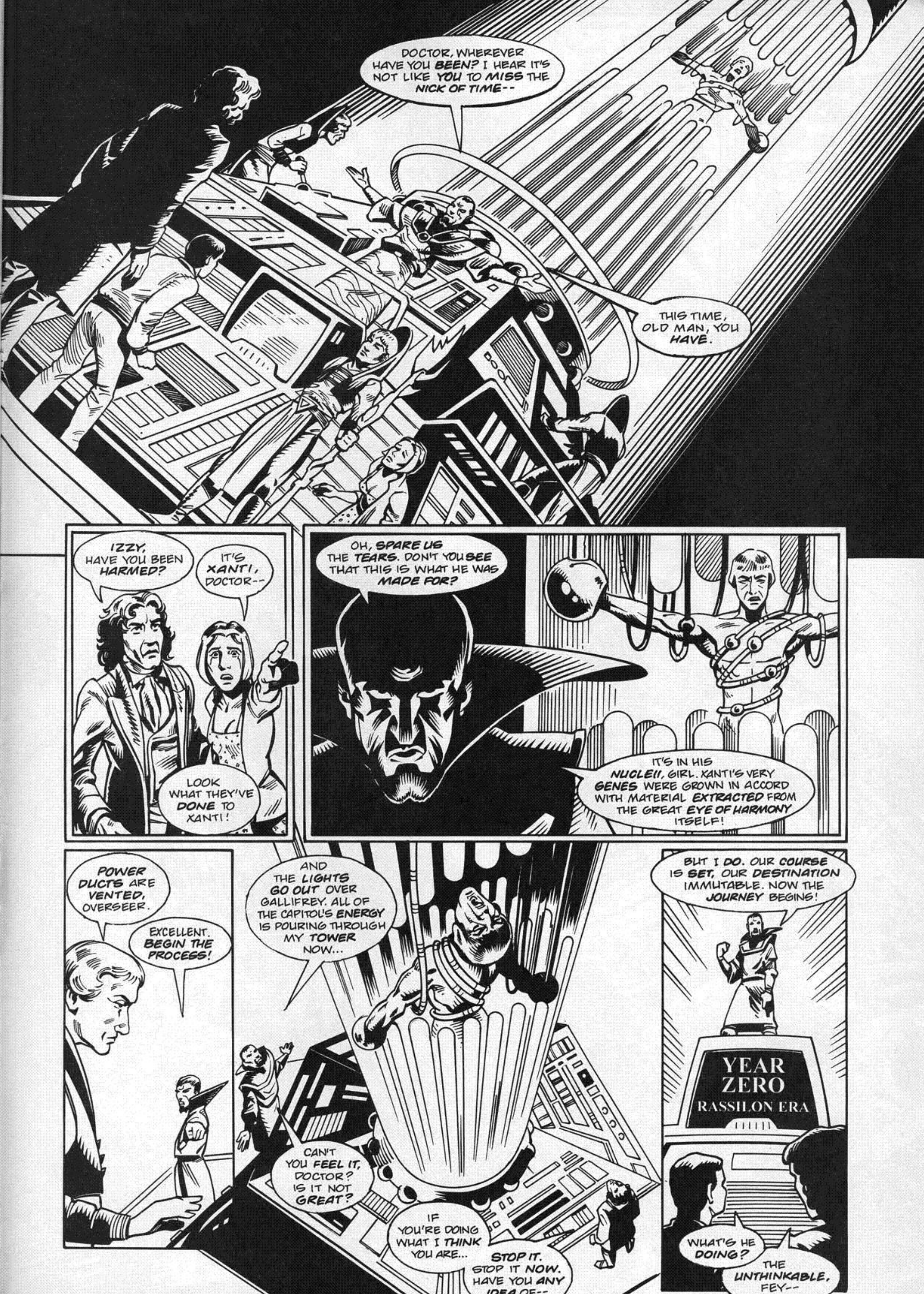
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

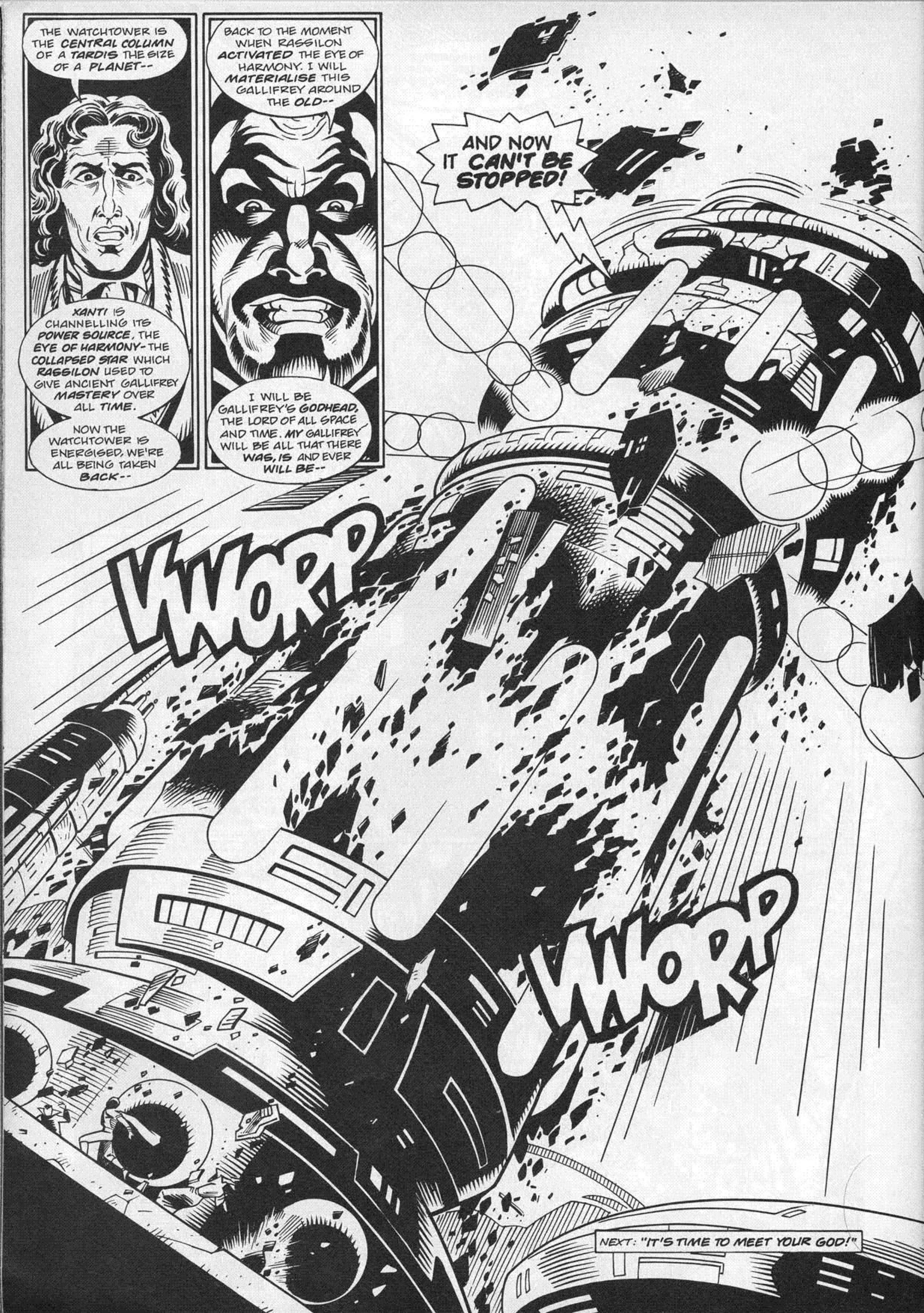

THE SUN'S GONE OUT!
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN TUBAL CAIN HAS CUT OUR BODIES FREE OF THE DREAMSCAPE--
IT SEEMS YOUR MINDS ARE STUCK IN HERE WITH ME!
I'VE NOT HAD VISITORS IN THREE HUNDRED YEARS. WHAT BRINGS SUCH NICE YOUNG PEOPLE INSIDE AN OLD MAN'S MUDDLED HEAD?
WE MET YOUR GREMLINS UP IN THE CORPOREALITY. THERE, THEY CALL THEMSELVES ELYSIANS--
THEY'VE ABDUCTED YOUR SON, XANTI.
XANTI. I'VE NOT HEARD HIS NAME SINCE I HAD MYSELF COMMITTED.
OH, WOE. MY GREATEST JOY. MY GREATEST SHAME, TOO.
THE ELYSIANS WERE A SECRET SOCIETY I JOINED BACK AT THE ACADEMY. WE REJECTED THE OLD LABELS- PATREXES, PRYDONIANS -AND FANCIED OURSELVES THE FINAL CHAPTER--
WE WERE SICK OF RASSILON'S GREAT SHIBBOLETH: NON-INTERVENTION IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER PLANETS. "OURS IS THE OLDEST CIVILISATION," OUR LEADER WOULD SAY. "WE ARE THE GODS--
--WE SHOULD BEHAVE LIKE THEM, TOO."
"OUR LEADER'S AMBITION REQUIRED THE ELYSIANS - UNREGISTERED CLONE CHILDREN WHO WERE TO HELP SEIZE GALLIFREY IN A COUP.
"THE FIRST, XANTI, WAS GROWN FROM MY OWN BIO-DATA IN A VAT IN THE ACADEMY CELLARS. WHEN I COULD, I HELD HIM IN MY ARMS--
"MY ZEAL, MY ANGER DISAPPEARED. MY SON WAS NO ELYSIAN, NO REVOLUTIONARY TOOL."
I REGISTERED XANTI AT A CHAPTERHOUSE, AND FEIGNED INSANITY. I WAS LOCKED UP HERE--
IGNORED BY THE ELYSIANS' LEADER.
HIS NAME, URIEL--
WHAT WAS YOUR LEADER'S NAME?


"LUTHER. HIS NAME WAS LUTHER..."
THESE ARE MY STORMTROOPERS, XANTI, GROWN FROM YOUR BASIC GENETIC DATA. IT WAS SIMPLE TO RESTART THE PROJECT WHEN URIEL WAS LOCKED AWAY--
BUT YOU WERE ALWAYS MORE THAN A MERE TEMPLATE. CARVED UPON YOUR NUCLEII IS A UNIQUE CODE--
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT'S FOR UPSTAIRS. COME--
THE FINAL CHAPTER IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD!
MEANWHILE--
WHAT THE DICKENS--
COME ON NOW, URIEL. WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. GIVE THEM THE DEVICE AND LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
HOME SWEET HOME
WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO?
THEY MEAN TO TORTURE ME.
THEY ARE MY DARKEST THOUGHTS. THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW ABOUT MY DEVICE.
THIS TRANCE BREAKER WILL OPEN A GAP IN THE MINDSCAPE AND RETURN YOU TO YOUR BODIES.
I DEVISED IT BEFORE INCARCERATING MYSELF. I THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY I MIGHT WANT TO GO BACK--
BUT I'M HAPPIER ALONE HERE WITH MY GUILT--
THIS WAY, I DON'T HAVE TO BEAR THE SHAME.
FWIPP!


--I PROMISE YOU THAT THEIR MINDS ARE UTTERLY SUBSUMED, OVERSEER. NEITHER OF RASSILON'S SPIES WILL BE--
--UUH?
BEG PARDON, MISTER CAIN--
WAKK!
--BUT I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR JUST DESSERTS.
I SUPPOSE THAT WAS NECESSARY. NOW THEN--
I'M SURE THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE WILL BE EXPECTING US TO CONFRONT HIM IN HIS WATCHTOWER--
"--BUT FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED, SO LET'S STOP OFF AT THE DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS FIRST..."
DOCTOR, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE--
ZORAC'S RIBS! WHAT IN THE STARS ARE YOU UP TO?
AH, CASTELLAN TENION, WE'VE DREDGED UP A FEW KEY FACTS--
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR ESTEEMED OVERSEER GRADUATED FROM THE ACADEMY WITH FULL HONOURS IN PARALLAX ARCHITECTURE AND GEODESIC ENGINEERING?
BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT! LUTHER DESIGNED THE GRAND RECONSTRUCTION OF THIS VERY CAPITOL OVER THE HULK OF THE OLD!
WHAT'S THIS IN AID OF? WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?
I'M NOT SURE. SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN CENTURIES IN THE PLANNING--
PLANS, PLANS, PLANS! OF COURSE! TELL ME, ARE THE PLANS FOR THE WATCHTOWER ANYWHERE HERE?
AND SO--
AS I THOUGHT! THE WATCHTOWER WAS BUILT EXACTLY OVER THE RUINS OF THE OLD PANOPTICON--
ERGO, THE EYE OF HARMONY, TOO. AND LOOK AT THIS--
ALL THE STOREYS ARE INDEXED, THEIR PURPOSE CLEARLY MARKED--
EXCEPT THIS ONE. I WONDER WHAT HERR LUTHER GETS UP TO ON THE NINETY-FIFTH FLOOR...DON'T YOU?


DOCTOR, IF LUTHER WERE FOMENTING SOME FANTASTIC PLOT, THE CHANCELLERY WOULD HAVE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE OF IT CENTURIES AGO--
SO WHY HAVE WE SEEN NOTHING?
YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT LUTHER IS THE EYES AND EARS OF THE CAPITOL--
EVEN THE HIGH COUNCIL RELY ON HIS PRV NETWORK. YOU'VE ONLY EVER SEEN WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO!
A REQUEST, CASTELLAN. I ASSUME THAT YOUR CHANCELLERY STILL HAS THE AUTHORITY OF INSTANT AUDIT?
WHY, YES, BUT--
SO INDULGE ME. LET'S SEE IF HIS OMNIPRESENCE REALLY HAS NOTHING TO HIDE...
"VERY WELL, DOCTOR... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO."
OVERSEER LUTHER! ON BEHALF OF THE HIGH COUNCIL, I MUST INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE BEEN RANDOMLY SELECTED FOR CEREMONIAL AUDIT--
WILL YOU PERMIT MY RETINUE INSPECTORS ENTRY TO YOUR TOWER?
YOU DON'T FOOL ME, TENION. LET'S CALL AN END TO MUTUALLY BARBED FORMALITIES--
I BUILT THIS CITY, YOU GHASTLY WOMAN--
AAAAA!!
CHOOM!
--AND I CAN TURN IT AGAINST THOSE WHO TURN AGAINST ME!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
AIEEE!
EEEARGH!
VWORP VWORP
HA!
SEE THE SWINE FROM THE RETINUE BURN!
THIS IS IT, FEY. THE SECRET HEART OF LUTHER'S--
BY ALL THE PLANETS! WHAT HAS HE DONE?


DOCTOR, WHEREVER HAVE YOU **BEEN?** I HEAR IT'S NOT LIKE **YOU** TO **MISS** THE **NICK OF TIME--**
THIS TIME, OLD MAN, YOU **HAVE.**
IZZY, HAVE YOU BEEN **HARMED?**
IT'S **XANTI,** DOCTOR--
LOOK WHAT THEY'VE **DONE** TO XANTI!
OH, **SPARE US** THE **TEARS.** DON'T YOU **SEE** THAT THIS IS WHAT HE WAS **MADE FOR?**
IT'S IN HIS **NUCLEII,** GIRL. XANTI'S VERY **GENES** WERE GROWN IN ACCORD WITH MATERIAL **EXTRACTED** FROM THE GREAT **EYE OF HARMONY** ITSELF!
POWER DUCTS ARE **VENTED,** OVERSEER.
EXCELLENT. **BEGIN THE PROCESS!**
AND THE **LIGHTS GO OUT** OVER GALLIFREY. ALL OF THE CAPITOL'S **ENERGY** IS POURING THROUGH MY **TOWER** NOW...
CAN'T YOU **FEEL IT,** DOCTOR? IS IT NOT **GREAT?**
IF YOU'RE DOING WHAT I **THINK** YOU ARE...
STOP IT. STOP IT **NOW.** HAVE YOU **ANY IDEA** OF--
BUT I **DO.** OUR **COURSE** IS **SET,** OUR **DESTINATION** IMMUTABLE. NOW THE **JOURNEY** BEGINS!
YEAR ZERO
RASSILON ERA
WHAT'S HE **DOING?**
THE **UNTHINKABLE,** FEY--


THE WATCHTOWER IS THE CENTRAL COLUMN OF A TARDIS THE SIZE OF A PLANET--
XANTI IS CHANNELLING ITS POWER SOURCE, THE EYE OF HARMONY- THE COLLAPSED STAR WHICH RASSILON USED TO GIVE ANCIENT GALLIFREY MASTERY OVER ALL TIME.
NOW THE WATCHTOWER IS ENERGISED, WE'RE ALL BEING TAKEN BACK--
BACK TO THE MOMENT WHEN RASSILON ACTIVATED THE EYE OF HARMONY. I WILL MATERIALISE THIS GALLIFREY AROUND THE OLD--
I WILL BE GALLIFREY'S GODHEAD, THE LORD OF ALL SPACE AND TIME. MY GALLIFREY WILL BE ALL THAT THERE WAS, IS AND EVER WILL BE--
AND NOW IT CAN'T BE STOPPED!
VWORP
VWORP
NEXT: "IT'S TIME TO MEET YOUR GOD!"

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

Send your letters to Timelines, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, or e-mail us at doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk – marking your letter 'Timelines' in the subject line. No subscription correspondence by e-mail, please.

KEEP *WHO* BRITISH!

The news in **DWM** 263 that [TV Movie producer] Philip Segal has met Beeb chiefs regarding the possibilities for a *Who* feature film raises all sorts of dilemmas about the programme's future. The first: what is the best route to a mainstream future for *Doctor Who*? Is it as a regular modern production on the BBC or is it best served by launching it to worldwide recognition via the silver screen?

I would argue that it has to be the former. The 1996 TV Movie surely confirmed to us all that there is a substantial British audience for a well-made and funded TV series, but not a transatlantic one. That's because it's our baby. We British have an affinity for it because it taps into our psyche and connects with us. It's

▶

LET BATTLE COMMENCE!

Did I miss something, or did *Shelf Life* [**DWM** 262] totally rubbish *Battlefield*? Never having seen it, or even read much about it, I bought the video fearing another *Timelash*-up! Imagine my surprise and delight at the witty and imaginative script, excellent special effects, and skilful weaving of Arthurian legend and the Doctor's own past and future into an exciting science fiction story.

So the Doctor uses a £5.00 coin – so what? Maybe the year's 1999 or 2001 – it doesn't matter too much. Characterisation, however, does matter and this seems to be better than average. Both Brigadiers are particularly well realised, Ace is on form, and Shou Yuing isn't so bad is she? If the series had continued, I would have welcomed a reappearance by either Ms Yuing or Ms Bambera.

Next time I read a review by Mr Owen, I shall have to get a second opinion!

David C Bassett
via e-mail

Dave Owen's review of *Battlefield* raised an interesting question: is late eighties *Who* to be judged by different standards? Reviews of earlier stories seem more willing to excuse or ignore lax production values, dodgy acting, effects and plotting, etc. Could he really find no nuggets? *Battlefield* has some genuinely moving moments – the landlady regaining her sight, Morgaine realising Arthur is gone and the tension in the chalk circle as Ace's prejudices slip out. There's some excellent banter and some effective direction (the lights going out in the pub followed by the fade into morning. Effects are above par, with the Destroyer standing out. But watching it at the age of 15 it was the Doctor's disgust and outrage at nuclear weapons, summed up in his rant to Morgaine, that made me proud to be a fan and still does.

Chris Gregory
Denton, Manchester

Would it be overstating the case to say that I found Dave Owen's review of *Battlefield* offensive? I don't think so. It's all very well reviewers having mildly irrational prejudices – that's half the point. Now, few would deny that *Battlefield* is a show with a hell of a lot wrong with it, but for it to be given such a contemptuously splenetic assessment so soon after *Timelash* was considered in fair and good-humoured terms gives a very skewed depiction of the comparative level of quality, effort and professionalism on display in these programmes.

Personally, I see *Battlefield* as more worthy of anyone's money and attention than the novel *Option Lock*. Dave's opinion obviously differs, but I can't believe he thinks this story caused more harm to the development of *Doctor Who* than either *The Eight Doctors* or *War of the Daleks*, each given such even-handed treatment in *Shelf Life* you could almost imagine he liked them. In a column usually so carefully considered and presented, his *Battlefield* review was ill-disciplined sensationalism. Or is it just that there are no politics dictating published opinions on a nine-year old TV show, as there are with two current series of novels?

David Darlington
via e-mail

So plentiful were the objections to our review of Battlefield *that we contemplated dressing Mr Owen in lightweight prop armour and catapulting him repeatedly through a Rutland brewery ceiling until he recanted his heresy. But he does that sort of thing on his days off anyhow. Meanwhile . . .*

A few comments from the partner of a *Doctor Who* fan whilst watching *Battlefield*:

"This has whopping great big holes in it."

"I liked *Timelash*. I enjoyed *Timelash*. I don't know what the hell is going on in this."

"There is not a single line of natural dialogue in the whole story."

"This is the worst *Doctor Who* I have ever seen."

Now this, from someone who has, up until now, maintained that there is no real difference between so-called 'classic' *Doctor Who* and so-called 'casualties' is damning indeed. Worse yet is the fact that I found myself in complete agreement with her. *Battlefield* is truly awful. The tone is completely wrong: it is full of silly moments such as the one with Bessie and the tyre marks, yet the cast seem to be acting it all dead straight. If none of the cast can be the slightest bit bothered when scabbards fly through the air or thunderstorms pop up for no good reason whatsoever, then, frankly, neither can I . . . Given a choice between self-referential rubbish like *Battlefield* and the kind of strong, compelling narratives provided by the BBC Books, I'd opt for the latter any day.

All the same, I quite liked *Timelash* too, so maybe I ought not to comment.

Mike Hickman
Havant, Hants

As luck would have it, just a few days before I received **DWM** 262 I happened to be reading your interview with Andrew Cartmel from about three years ago [*Dark Deeds*, **DWM** 226]. I'd like to quote what he said on page 40: "In ten years' time people will look back and recognise *Battlefield* was a great story."

I'd like you to print this not so much for current readers, but as a sort of 'time capsule'. To all **DWM** readers who happen to come across this in the year 2005: please write to your current editor of **DWM** and vote on *Battlefield* – masterpiece, or utter mess?

Thank you.

Trevor Ruppe
via e-mail

"'Miasma of mediocrity', it says here . . ." The *Battlefield* cast commiserate exciting, mind-expanding, adventurous entertainment with solid stories – a British phenomenon. A big screen multi-national adventure will not secure the regular return of *Doctor Who* to British screens.

More importantly, if this project were to come to fruition in the next few years it would find itself fighting against and being swallowed up by a large big-screen science fiction market (the new *Star Wars* trilogy, for example).

And if this new initiative is used by the BBC as an excuse not to recognise 35 years of *Doctor Who* on its channels, then I for one will be furious. I only hope that **DWM** continues its drive to lobby for a 35th anniversary celebration by and on the BBC, for that is the only way to regalvanise the interest of the British public. So much could be done to promote the show; BBC Worldwide could revamp classic episodes *a la* the remastered *Red Dwarf* series. At the very least they should come up with a special '35 years' logo for their merchandise. A commercial and broadcast publicity push would activate interest in those who will decide the programme's future; a new young audience who need *their* Doctor.

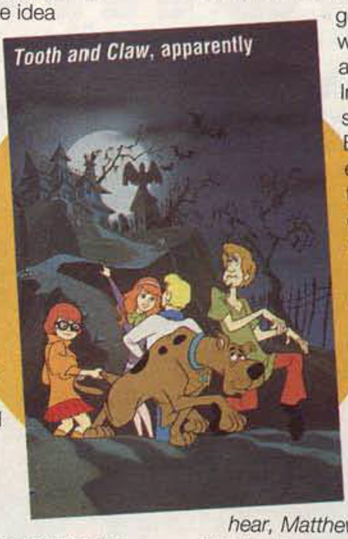
Daniel Edwards
via e-mail

COMIC FAR FROM DANDY?

Right, I've had it up to here with you and your bloody comic strip. Each issue, I try to muster some enthusiasm to read it, thinking it cannot be as tedious as it was last month – and every time you succeed in proving me wrong. I fear I must be the only reader who thinks it is neither "superb" nor "brilliant".

Now, I'm all for having a stylised look for the strip, but Martin Geraghty's art strikes me as cartoonish at best, and his likeness of Paul McGann varies from being caricatured to virtually unrecognisable. The figures seem ill-proportioned and awkward, and the supporting cast are highly inconsistent, to the extent that I can rarely tell which is which. I'm sorry, Martin – I loved *The Curse of the Scarab* and *Ground Zero*, but that was about it.

I don't find the plot particularly inspiring, either. Now, in fairness, I like the idea of a saga that stretches over several years, as the strip had got to the point where it was a succession of rushed three-parters that didn't allow for much progression or build-up. However, such a saga can only work if the characters and situations are memorable, and if the reader actually cares about what happens. When you have stories as inconsequential as *Endgame* or *The Keep*, and the frankly ridiculous excesses of *Tooth and Claw* – a story that could have equalled *Fellow Travellers* but ended up like *Scooby Doo* – it just becomes repetitive and directionless. By trying to emulate *The Tides of Time* and including such characters as Shayde, you're not adding any depth, just dragging the classic strips through the mud.


Tooth and Claw, apparently

Greg Yeates' suggestion in **DWM** 263 that the strip is "millions of light years ahead of BBC Books in terms of originality and characterisation" leaves me baffled. The only way in which the strip Doctor is 'original' is that every other version of the Eighth Doctor I've seen or read is in some way an identifiable character, and in *The Dying Days* and *Vampire Science* especially, the authors have exploited the potential of Paul McGann's portrayal. And as for Greg's claim that the characters in the strip have somehow developed in some way, well I for one am mystified. I suppose if character development is measured out in how many self-indulgent in-jokes the characters can wring out without really saying anything, then he could be right. In terms of a realistic relationship between characters, the BBC Doctor and Sam win out every time; the 'characters' of the TARDIS crew in the cartoon can be summed up in two words: non-existent.

I hope this is a kick up the complacency for those of you at **DWM**. The strip really does drag down what is otherwise an entertaining and interesting publication.

Matthew Griffiths
Northfield, Birmingham

Ouch. You'll be delighted to hear, Matthew, that dramatic developments will bring the current strip "saga" to a head over the next few months. We only hope that its direction over the latter part of this year will be more to your liking.

Oh, and Scooby Doo *versus* Fellow Travellers *is a desperately unequal contest. One of the two can't* possibly *compete . . .*

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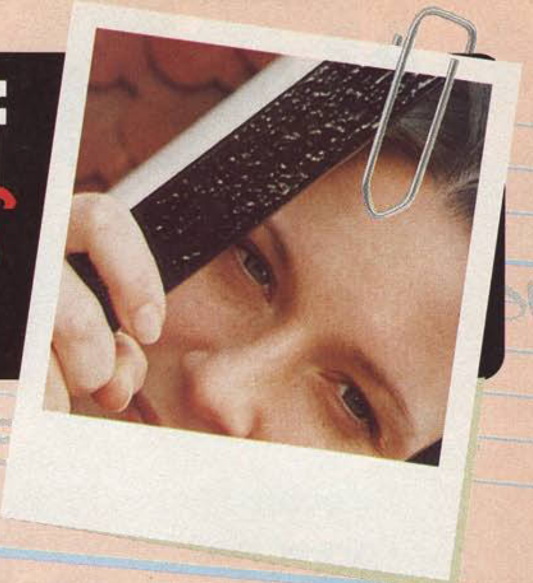


Will Paris in the spring bring Jackie and Patrick and Nigel and Nicky closer together – or must love wither and die under Scaroth's monoptoid gaze?

REMINDER
ASK PATRICK
ABOUT CHAS'
VIDEO EVENING
SATURDAY 7.30 P.M.
(A REAL MOOSE OF AN
EVENING, NO DOUBT!)

Saturday

7.30pm The suggestion that we watch something from the *Trial of a Time Lord* TARDIS tin was scotched by our inability to extract any videos from it. Nigel had taken to turning it upon its end and slapping it like a ketchup bottle before Chas, in front of a bemused Patrick, passed it to me on the pretext that I have "slim fingers."

"I have slim fingers," said Nicky Parrot, darkly moody, from the sofa. I passed the tin to her. Indeed, she is so slight, I thought, that with any luck she might just fall in. Typically, the uninitiated, as in the tale of the sword and the stone, retrieved the videos at the first attempt. Mistakenly, Patrick congratulated her.

"It's all those hours put in at the local gym," she returned, spiralling off into a conversation concerning the improvements made to her body – when it's clearly her mind that needs the work.

Unfortunately, the delay had drawn Patrick's attention to the grinning features of Colin Baker. I see hesitation. He waves a dismissive hand: "I didn't like him." And, as if in a qualified position to venture such an opinion, Nicky joins in with: "Neither did I." True, her argument held little resonance – she was pointing at Michael Jayston, after all – but I was, nevertheless, consumed with a desire to dig myself out of her company with a spoon.

Somehow, I sensed that this video evening was primed for destruction.

It must be perplexing to find yourself partnered with a *Who* fan. You vie for your chosen's attention not with other individuals, work or recreational activities, but with the stringy escapades and tepid horror of TV make-believe; make-believe abandoned by them at a far earlier age for the harder, faster, stronger thrills of the thirsty pre-pubescent. What resentment, I wonder, is bred by such unreciprocated interest in rewound adventures? What is the partner to make of the attentiveness, of the love, of the panic caused by a half-heard media report? What are they to make of a level of affection that they have only momentarily aroused in you? How diminished are they when competing emotionally with something as throwaway as a TV programme?

It's not as if Patrick's been force-fed. On the contrary, conversations are rarely tied to the TARDIS, yet the posters, the bookmark in my copy of *Fever Pitch* and the velvets in my wardrobe betray that I am irreversibly influenced and, sadly, already attached. On this video evening, he was to become (re)acquainted with the other man in my life – the aged, rather pompous non-conformist with the eight worst haircuts in the world – and I felt uneasy, knowing that both were to be tested.

8.25pm *City of Death* had been selected via a hectic and increasingly paranoid criteria that'd seen 26 years of product reduced to a package that would barely satisfy a BBC2 theme night. The overriding concern appeared to be the elimination of as many unintentional laughs as possible – and, shamelessly, three fans faced with a Judgement Day set about it. Within a devastating few moments, perceived classics were toppled, decades marginalised, eras condemned; our insecurities had made us cruel together but weak with those we wished to impress. Were we not big enough to square our shoulders against the possible sniggers directed at a waddling Magma Creature, or to brazen out one man's fight with his own bubble-wrapped arm? Was it necessary to reject *The Brain of Morbius* on such flimsy grounds as Maren appearing to occasionally sport a sponge cake on her head?

Fearful of derision, and suspecting that our loyalties might not be sufficiently suppressed to take it, we began.

10.05pm Approximately 100 minutes later *City of Death* was finished – and I knew I'd never enjoyed it less. By the second episode, Nicky had begun to yawn cavernously; by the third, she was almost completely under. I could see her head lurching violently forward like a spaniel on amphetamines – and Nigel's unsuccessful attempts to reposition her only gave the two of them the appearance of a bizarre ventriloquist's act. In truth, it was for the best. Early on, after Patrick had exclaimed "Brilliant!" at the opening titles, Nicky had started muttering profanities about Fandom Goddess Lalla Ward. It was on her recommendation that "she could be quite pretty if she only did something with herself" that I thought I caught sight of Chas' fingernails extending, Cheetah Person-like, into his armchair. I was also led to presume, seeing as he sat motionless from this point onwards, that she'd also had a profound effect on his toes, curling them beyond the ability to walk.

Patrick, at least, remained conscious and largely unaware of the heavy surveillance under which I had him. Although with deceptively relaxed posture and head steadfastly craned in the general screen direction, I'd taken to obsessively monitoring his reactions, charting the contours of his face for smiles or smirks, with glances sideways numbering five or six times a minute. This, coupled with a forced grin – which I hoped might encourage others to find such insanely intense levels of enjoyment – had led me to resemble a manic Osmond sibling. I dropped this approach in favour of other, more conventional measures; small, unintrusive conversations which concealed cunning test questions by which his attention, or lack of it, could hopefully be gauged.

On leaving 16th century Florence, Nigel, without a hint of irony, despite his girlfriend lying stiff with sleep beside him, enthusiastically declares: "We should do this again." No, I shudder to myself, we mustn't. Developed wisdom may have long nominated our chosen example as the story most likely to interest newcomers to the show, but it never revealed the vampiric drain their very presence has on both you and the original material. Of course, it's preposterous to feel personally responsible for each unfolding scene, but that doesn't explain why you do.

That night, Scaroth's head played more absurdly large in my dreams than usual.

Notes from the underground

Director Michael E Briant's Doctor Who career had taken him to quarries aplenty – but was he ready to face terror in the depths of Wookey Hole? Peter Griffiths discovers the awful truth in the final part of this interview.

Come the end of 1973, Michael E Briant had directed three *Doctor Who* stories over three consecutive seasons. He'd overseen Sea Devils rising from the waves, giant maggots down the mines and, er, colonists battling big business. When he was engaged for Season Eleven – Jon Pertwee's last – Michael was pleased to have an opportunity to work with the Daleks, if not entirely pleased with the script.

He thinks about *Death to the Daleks* for a moment. "Was I happy with it? Hmm. I thought it relied too much on imposed logic. The story had nothing to hang onto, so it had stuff like the Doctor jumping over the patchwork floor, something that's been done in 50 feature films. It was just another Dalek story, and for me it was the least interesting of all the scripts I worked on. As a director you have to be a storyteller, and I never did know quite what that one was about."

The script had some demanding requirements – including an enormous city, a deadly mechanical snake and taking the Daleks into a sand pit. There were problems on each count. "With the city, the perspective was the problem. When you're sailing, islands come up over the horizon. When Sarah first sees the city, she realistically needed to be hundreds of miles away. The concept was quite difficult to realise. The snake which came out of the water was fun. We built a scaffold, and in effect it was a giant puppet. You could just see the strings, I'm horrified to say!

"Generally speaking, the Daleks had always lived in studios or gone down nice even London roads. The big effort – totally unappreciated, of course! – was to create a first of Daleks moving across sand. We looked at the Dalek casings, and the only way to do it was to put them on railway lines or camera dollies. I made a decision to hire every bit of camera dolly track in the country, paint it with sand-coloured removable paint, and mount all the Daleks on little bogies. As for how it worked, you've seen the show – mixed results!"

"They were the halcyon days of television. Things will never be the same again"

Filming an Exxilon attack on location for *Death to the Daleks*

Putting the Daleks on tracks had an unforeseen consequence. "The operators couldn't get their feet in because of the bogies, so you had to plan all the tracks going down hill slightly. The longest track I planned was for when the Doctor and co and the Daleks are attacked by the Exxilons. On the first take, each actor had a Dalek assigned, and to start off he had to push the Dalek to get it started. Jon Pertwee being Jon, he pushed his Dalek hard and, with little John Scott Martin inside, it just took off. We ached with laughter as it roared off along this track and fell off the end. Little John was screaming, 'Help! Help!' as he hurtled along."

As with his first *Doctor Who* script, *Colony in Space*, Michael was faced with the challenge of creating a new alien race – in this case, the Exxilons. "I've always been quite keen that places have cultures. People become part of the landscape, so I've always thought that when you invent a race, you have to look at the location for ideas. We all wear different clothes, but when we go into the forest, we wear similar types of clothing. I was also very keen on using front axial projection. It was a buzz term at the time, and it involved shining a light down the axis of the camera lens to make things glow. We used road traffic sign material and shone the light at the Exxilons to make them pulsate, as if it were their blood travelling through their veins. I saw a clip of that recently, and I don't think it was very successful. It was a lot of work for little gain. All those 'hoo's and 'haa's were in the script, by the way. I wasn't totally convinced by all that!"

Doctor Who traditionally rehearsed in the studio during the day and recorded for a few hours in the evening. Michael was adamant that a different system would be more efficient, and one of his innovations on *Death to the Daleks* was a schedule where each scene was rehearsed and then recorded, right throughout the day. "I remember having a big mouth about that. I believed we should do it by set, and that we should have an hour in the afternoon just to shoot effects. In those days recording machines were still very expensive and you needed an operator, so I think there was a lot of resistance to it because of that.

"The new system meant that make-up and wardrobe were more stretched. It became more like filming, where people were working flat out all the time. Under the old system, they came in in the morning and had it easier, because actors didn't need to be fully made up or dressed for the camera rehearsal. It was also a lot more pressure for the technical guys to have everything ready at ten o'clock in the morning. You had to fight for it, and I absolutely fought for it.

"The difference was vast. Instead of three-and-a-half hours' maximum, you were shooting from ten in the morning to ten at night. It allowed you to be very much more ambitious. I think I always did it that way from then on, and in the end it became the standard way of doing it. *EastEnders* is done that way."

Moving from one famous foe to another, Michael was contracted for another big return in *Revenge of the Cybermen* the next year. "Let's see, that was set in a space station, and the creatures with the unusual faces were down on the planet. They had long white hair because anyone who lives underground is white. The

The Doctor confronts the unarmed, impotent Daleks trapped on the planet Exxilon. *Death to the Daleks*

Cybermen wandered around with those gun things in their heads, and I nearly drowned Lis Sladen [Sarah]! I remember a line of dialogue I altered very slightly so that Tom Baker looked at Lis and said, 'We're heading for the biggest bang in history' and gave a little smile!

"*Revenge* was done as a back-to-back with *The Ark in Space* – I think the feeling was that they hadn't used the sets enough. The script wasn't the best in the world, though I enjoyed working on it. I think it had been written for Jon – it had all the fight sequences – and somebody said it had been pulled onto the show to fill out the season."

Michael once again has mixed feelings about the featured monsters. "I don't think the Cybermats worked. They were a bit like the maggots all over again, and appeared injected into the script rather than springing naturally from it. The Cybermen themselves were quite effective, but they had dreadful costumes. I recalled that they had used to fire out of their fingers or something, and I thought it would be nice if they fired out of the top of their heads. I was deep into the Sea Devils technology at the time. Do you recall that they used to fire these flashes out of their little disc guns? I quite liked that."

One of Michael's key tasks was helping the new Doctor settle into the role. "It was a real pleasure working with Tom. I think we got on quite well – we certainly used to go out a lot together socially. Tom absolutely wanted to do things his way – he wanted to create the role in the way he saw it. An awful lot of things I planned didn't happen because Tom didn't see it that way. And that's right and proper, the way it should be. I would say, 'We're going to do this, this and this,' and he'd say, 'No, the Doctor wouldn't do that. He'd do this.' He wasn't negative about it at all, but you both came to the party and it was fine. Because Tom was absolutely thinking about and working on it and caring about the Doctor, it was the job of the director to try and understand the character he was building."

Another newcomer for Michael was producer Philip Hinchcliffe. "[Former producer] Barry Letts and Philip were different animals. Barry was an actor and an emotional person who worked off his instincts, whereas I think Philip was more a university person – more of a business person. I think he saw the industry in a more business-like way. It's almost unkind to say it, but he is an executive of the business whereas Barry, like most producers, bumbled around doing what he thought was right."

Michael chose for the planet Voga a location he would return to on the *Blake's 7* episode *Project Avalon*, Wookey Hole. Anyone who's visited the caves knows how cramped they really are, so the director is justifiably pleased with the feeling of space on screen. "The secret is to use different bits in different ways. The little lake is quite small, but we had a good lighting cameraman, so provided it was all carefully planned it was relatively easy to do. The water that runs through the cave flows quite fast and goes underground for long periods – the actual cave structure stretches for 20 miles. I wanted to use the same boats I'd used on *The Sea Devils*, but they weren't available for some reason – they may have been too big – so we got something smaller that could be carried into the caves."

Michael delights in the catalogue of spooky stories he has to tell about Wookey Hole. "The whole filming was bogged down with things that could have been disasters. They're strange places, those caves. People have lived in them for hundreds of years, from year dot really, so maybe you have to be a bit more respectful of other people's homes. My wife was very bored at the start of filming and had dug up some arrow heads, some scrapers, in the sand.

"***Death to the Daleks*** **was by far the least interesting script I worked on. It was just another Dalek story"**

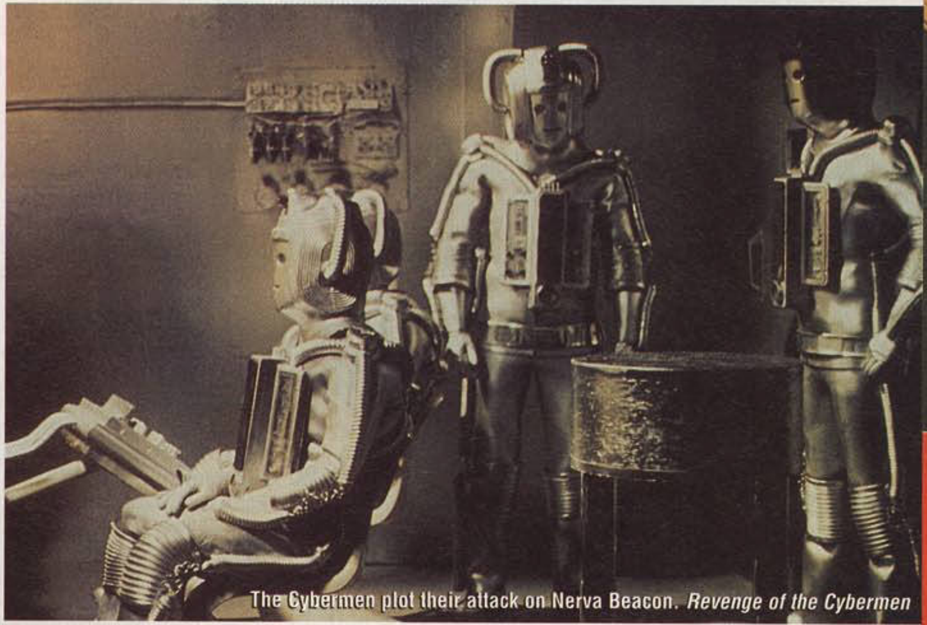
"This was while I was doing my shooting script down there a week or so before filming. You really had to plan every lighting set-up, because you couldn't just turn everything around if you were wrong. The management didn't want me in there while people were going around because it would spoil the trip for them. They said I could go in after five, when the caves closed, and I was there until one in the morning. At some point around midnight, a guy came down whistling and carrying an air tank and asked me the way to the other exit. I said, 'How did you get in here? It's all locked,' and he said, 'Oh I just walked in, I always do,' and off he went whistling. I came out an hour later and asked who this guy was, because I was worried he'd be trapped in there, and the people said there was no-one in there. Apparently a diver had died in the caves five years before.

"Everything went wrong during that filming. It was quite extraordinary. The armourer, Jack Wells, was a friend of mine, and he was ill, throwing up. The stunt man, Terry Walsh, also became very ill. Some of the guys dressed up the Witch of Wookey Hole, which is a big rock formation, with a cloak and a broomstick, and shortly after the electrician fell off the rocks and broke his leg. We had to carry him out and then carry on filming. Ten minutes later I put Lis Sladen on this boat which was fairly simple to operate, and she knew how to do it, but it went totally out of control. She was a bright girl, and she threw herself off into the water. She was in great danger of being

swept away underground with it, and Terry dived in. At the end of the filming, when I was back home, I took those arrow heads from my jacket and threw them away, and everything went all right again."

For *Doctor Who* it certainly did. Tom Baker's first three years were lauded by the critics and hugely popular with the public, and when Michael returned to direct the series for the sixth and final time, the result was the very well-received murder mystery *The Robots of Death*. "The robots themselves were brilliant, but I thought it was the worst script I'd ever had! It was dreadful, all about this space mining machine with these Cybermen-type robots going around. It was cliché-ridden, and when I read it I thought, 'What am I doing? This is awful.'

"But I had a brilliant designer, Ken Sharp, and we decided that the first thing we needed to do was find out a little bit about mining. So we went down to Cornwall to those open-cast quarries, and saw how a mining machine actually worked. We then designed the ship with these big Archimedes screws which pulled it along. We sat in the train on the way there, and I said, 'What do you think of the script, Ken?' and he said, 'I'm not sure, Michael. What do you think of it?' We had that conversation, and ended up by saying that we had to do the job, so let's do it as well as we could. We certainly couldn't do any harm to it!"


The Cybermen plot their attack on Nerva Beacon. *Revenge of the Cybermen*

The appealing design is one of the great successes of *The Robots of Death*. Michael explained the thinking behind it. "If you were going to live with a robot seven days a week, you'd like something really nice-looking, wouldn't you – a pleasant face, a happy manner. And if somebody told you you had to go off in this ship for ten years and asked you how you'd like it decorated, you'd choose something nice. And that leads you to ask why people would wear uniforms and all. If we got to the point in history where we were living in controlled conditions the whole time, you would dress in any way you pleased. We asked ourselves what a really nice design period was, and having settled on art deco, we went the whole way and had art deco robots to look nice and fit in with the scenery. Ken and I were having a great time.

Vogans defend their territory against humans hungry for their gold – and the Cybermen eager to destroy it. *Revenge of the Cybermen*

"I would have loved to produce *Doctor Who*, loved to. I have immense affection for the show"

"I then wondered why everyone had to be white. We were already living in a multi-cultural society in 1977, but I don't think that had ever been portrayed in *Doctor Who*. The captain of this cliché-ridden vessel was meant to be your typical six foot tall, good-looking and dashing bloke – a 'space hero' – so I cast Russell Hunter, who's five foot two and Scottish. I was casting Russell when Philip Hinchcliffe came to me and said, 'Um, Michael, do you feel he's got the authority?' He'd played a character called Lonely in a detective series shortly before! I said, 'Oh yes, he's a very authoritative actor, a natural leader!'"

Michael's work on the story helped it become one of *Doctor Who*'s biggest successes. How does he rate the finished product? "I think it worked great for what it was. I think it's a very good-looking show, and it ended up being a lot of fun because of the nice actors and the whole concept. I just remember *The Robots of Death* as a story I really enjoyed doing. Once we got the design right and once we'd achieved that slightly send-up style, it was lovely."

Why does Michael think this is regarded as a 'golden era' for the series, and for television in general? "I think we made proper stories. *The Robots of Death* was a standard Agatha Christie whodunnit, but if you took the reality of a situation and extended it and tried to be truthful to it, you were fairly safe. I think that time was a wonderful period when television was actually better than the cinema. Cinema was in decline – there weren't big, commercial Hollywood movies that were better than what we were doing. Television was a reason to stay home on Saturday night.

"They were the halcyon days of television. It will never be the same. It wasn't just *Doctor Who*. It was a lovely show to work on, but it was a nice time to be working in general. The BBC had a recruitment policy where you only got in if you'd come from the theatre, so we'd all come that way and were all doing it not for the money but because we really wanted to do it. I think the technological opportunities were there – Chromakey had revolutionised the whole science fiction thing. There was real care and thought and trouble. People didn't say, 'What is the audience going to be for this production?' They said, 'We'd really like to make this.' It was done emotionally. I think the way it works now is totally correct – you couldn't run television any other way now. But back then was a magic era."

Louise Jameson had joined *Doctor Who* as Leela in the previous story, *The Face of Evil*, and Michael felt quite sorry for her. "Yes, Louise in her terrible costume. I thought it was appallingly sexist. She was great, but I felt very sorry for her because *The Robots of Death* was such a dreadful script! She was obviously there for the Dads. Unlike Lis and Katy [Manning], the only thing the Doctor was going to do with her character was go to bed, which had no place in the series. It was the same with having male assistants like Ian Marter [Harry] and Frazer Hines [Jamie]. There was nothing wrong with them as actors, but they didn't work very well because they upset the balance."

Tom Baker was now fully settled into his role and becoming more vocal in his opinions, though Michael insists this was never a concern for him. "There's one scene where Tom hides round the corner as the robots go

Louise Jameson as Leela. *The Robots of Death*

> **"Leela's costume was appallingly sexist! She was obviously there for the Dads"**

past. The set was only the size of a small room – three bits of flattage [walls] with five minutes to shoot it in – so I had to spend a lot of time choreographing it. I started rehearsal with Tom and explained what I wanted, and he said, 'God, it's another cliché-ridden piece of nonsense. Why don't I come down here, climb up on the chandelier, swing across to the staircase . . . or alternatively I could just do what you said and go around this corner and hide.' That was Tom realising the limitations of what we were working with."

Michael saw a great opportunity for mischief involving Tom and incoming producer Graham Williams, who had just started 'trailing' Philip Hinchcliffe. "Tom knew *Robots* was a dreadful script. We were rehearsing this scene where Tom and Louise were manacled, and we were having big problems with how to do it – it was like 'one bound and the Doctor was free'. Graham came into the rehearsal room, and I recognised him and knew he was going to be the next producer. I thought, 'Great!' I needed something to wind Tom up, so I said to him, 'You know this problem we're having here, are you sure we can't just go with it?' Tom freaked and went absolutely off his head: 'F***ing script! Who's responsible for this? I'd like to take that producer and wring his neck, and if I get hold of the writer I'll . . .' He berated the script for about ten minutes and I was then able to say, 'Oh Tom, this is Graham. He's going to be the next producer!'"

That new producer tried to get Michael to return to *Doctor Who*, but it just wasn't practical. "I was busy being a starry director from then on. Graham asked me twice to come back and do some, and got quite cross with me in the bar. He said, 'You owe it to the series.' And that was true – I learned my whole trade on *Doctor Who*, but I had a lot of other work to do. And I was never asked back after that."

Michael is actually a little saddened by the direction *Doctor Who* later took. "I have immense affection for the show, and I did think in the mid-eighties that it lost its way. You had to do new and different things with it, and the mistake people made was thinking it was safe to do another episode with Daleks, another with Sea Devils and so on – and that was not the answer, in my opinion. I would have loved to have produced the series, loved to. I would have tried to have done it a little more in the way Barry Letts did it – real stories. The joy of science fiction is that it is about what is happening to us now taken a bit further. It's like sitcom – it only works if it's actually real and you extend the possibilities."

One entry on Michael's busy post-*Who* CV is *Blake's 7*. He shared directing duties on the first season – produced by ex-*Who* director David Maloney and script-edited by Chris Boucher (writer of *The Robots of Death*) – with Vere Lorrimer and Pennant Roberts, also a *Doctor Who* director. "Ah, *Blake's 7* – bravely going where others had been before! I once went to a big convention at the National Film Theatre. They filled this cinema and played the first episode, *The Way Back*, on the screen, and I almost died of shame.

"I thought *Blake's 7* was going to be more surrealistic than realistic, and I was very excited about that. The trick of *Doctor Who* was never to show everything, wasn't it? Keep things in shadows and imagination. You hardly saw a Sea Devil on the fort in the first episode of that story. David Maloney took me out for drinks and discussed these great scripts which were going to be a different sort of space adventure. It was going to be politically involved, and more than just shoot-ups and cops and robbers. We weren't going to have the standard BBC studio-full of six sets – that was the way most shows were written, including *Doctor Who*. So I got this first script, and of course there was a prison cell, a courtroom, a corridor . . . It was meant to be in this ginormous city – again – and to me it just looked like *Doctor Who* all over again."

Michael chooses some favourites from his lengthy career. "I think the highlights would have to be *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Treasure Island*. I did a six-part film series for the BBC years ago called *Hideaway*. It was about villains in Camden. I had my own film company for four years and made a little epic called *Tangiere*, which was fairly awful. We got half way through another movie before we went bankrupt. I did *Warship* around the time of *Blake's 7*, and had a lot of fun doing *Secret Army*. I'm forgetting *Blood Money*, about the kidnapping of a royal child by IRA terrorists. *Doctor Who* will always hold an important place in the heart of Michael E Briant. "For me it was a wonderful springboard. For 15 to 18 years I was never out of work. It was just wonderful. I did some *EastEnders* a little while ago. I hadn't done soap for many years, and I probably shouldn't have done it, but I found it full of either middle-aged directors or young directors who were never going to do anything else. They'll stay on the soap circus forever, and that isn't directing. It isn't what doing *Doctor Who* used to be. You sat there with the script and more or less a blank piece of paper. When you got to the studio, you were always inventing the wheel. It was a brilliant way to earn your living." **DWM**

The cast on the Storm Mine 4 bridge set for *The Robots of Death*

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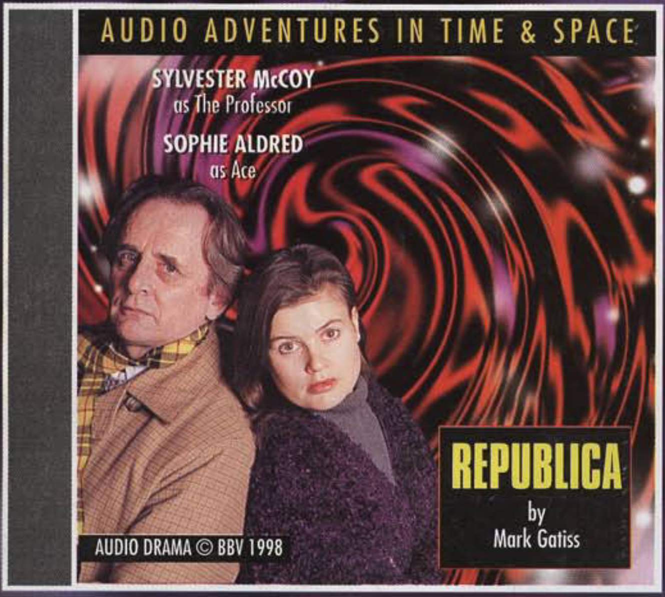
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